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BRITTAN'S JOURNAL

OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

LITERATURE, ART, AND INSPIRATION.

The Dynamics of Subtile Agents; the Relations, Faculties and Functions of Mind; Philosophy of the Spiritual Life and World, and the Principles of Universal Progress.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE REFORMERS.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., EDITOR.

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VOLUME II.

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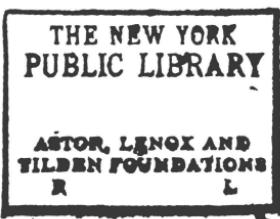
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SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,
LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 4.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

MATERIAL things and human institutions are upheld and governed by spiritual powers. When the forces of the inner life are withdrawn visible forms perish, either in the sudden throes of revolution or by the slow process of disintegration. Not a few historic names have been rendered illustrious by the coöperation of spiritual beings in human affairs. In Jewish history we have such remarkable examples, as Moses, Joshua, Saul and David. Alexander the Great consulted the oracle in the temple of Jupiter Ammon. When approaching the famous Capitol of the Asiatic Empire he was warned of the speedy termination of his career. Disregarding the admonition he went his way to Babylon, where he suddenly died at the close of a banquet. Before the battle of Philippi a spectral figure, or spirit, of colossal proportions, appeared to Marcus Junius Brutus and informed him of his impending fate. Constantine was commanded to conquer by the symbol of the new Religion, and he saw the flaming Cross in the heavens. Mahomet received the visits of a spirit, that he believed to

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be the angel Gabriel, and he recognized the presence and assistance of celestial warriors in the conquest of Arabia. By this spiritual coöperation he was enabled to shake the strongest monarchies in Europe, and to make his influence felt throughout the world.

The spiritual powers have been no less active in more modern times, of which we may cite historical examples. It was by their interposition that the inspired shepherd girl was made the worthy subject of this sketch. Oliver Cromwell was a subject of spiritual visitation in his youth. A mysterious female, of unusual size and majestic mien, came to his bedside and informed him that the child, once so near being devoured by an ape, was born to rule the State. "The Man of Destiny" was invincible while he faithfully followed the light that was given him. Josephine was the *genus loci* of his heart and home, whose presence established the conditions necessary to his spiritual guidance. When that star was vailed he wandered, and his "charmed life" was ended. Left alone—abandoned by his Spirit-guides—the fortunes of war soon left him a prisoner to die in exile. Through a similar agency Louis Napoleon became master of France, and firmly held the reins of government so long as he obeyed the promptings of his spiritual monitors. But he made a fatal mistake at last. To quiet the restless temper of the people he was urged into a war against his better judgment. He had received spiritual advice at the Tuilleries. The first Napoleon came to him—through Daniel Dunglass Home—with words of instruction and warning. But at length he yielded to the pressure of the national impulse. Then came destruction like a whirlwind, and he was left to spend his last days in contemplating the ruins of his empire. The Spirits also came to Abraham Lincoln. Their influence had much to do in shaping the war-policy of the government; they dictated the Emancipation Proclamation; and left on the mind of the late President the shadow of his approaching martyrdom.

JEANNE D'ARC, the spotless shepherd girl, came from the solitudes of the forest that environed her native village of Domremy, to be the grave counsellor of a king, and the defender of her country. The shepherds of Bethlehem were honored by an Angel's visit, and the proclamation of "glad tidings to all people;" and this fair shepherdess—at once so comely in person, exalted in spirit, and divinely beautiful in her life; with the freshness and bloom of the hills and valleys on her cheek, and the fire of genius in her eye*—likewise professed to commune with departed saints and heroes; to have visions of immortal realities, and to hear the voices of angelic ministers. And why may they not have spoken to her? If they addressed those who watched their flocks on the plains of Judea, surely this pure-hearted and divinely-gifted shepherdess of Domremy was not beneath their regard. She also was called by Providence, being inspired with the gift of prophecy, and quickened by an infusion of the subtle principles of a spiritual life. Such was the virgin Evangelist, whose footprints are "beautiful on the mountains of Lorraine."

In the early part of the fifteenth century France, suffering from internal commotion and the want of a strong government, seemed likely to fall a prey to the hostile Britons, who had already made the conquest of several provinces. At length, in 1428, under the command of the Duke of Bedford, the English closely besieged Orleans, a city of great importance to the national cause. In the emergency Charles VII. was irresolute, while his enemies, flushed with victory, displayed so much vigor that he had little or no hope of making a successful resistance. The critical hour had arrived when he must strike a decisive blow, or attempt

*"An authentic portrait, yet extant, shows that she possessed a face and figure of exquisite loveliness; a countenance to which a beaming eye, and a tender expression of melancholy, imparted an interest, which rendered her fascination irresistible."—*Cyclopaedia of History*.

to draw off what remained of his military force into some distant province. After so many disasters, to abandon his position was to complete the history of a lost cause.

A deep sense of the humiliation that must follow his retreat caused him to hesitate, and in the solemn pause relief came from an unexpected source. The spirit of prophecy taught the Maid of Orleans that she was to be instrumental in restoring the nationality of France. She believed; and suddenly emerging from the quiet seclusion of her pastoral life, she went forth to battle against the enemies of her king and country. Rising thus from an obscure position, in the humbler walks of life, she at once assumed the direction of public affairs, and became the chief inspiring agent of the French people. The king of England was ready to lay his hand on the scepter of France. The shadow of a great cross was in the path of the fair chieftain, but she was too heroic either to falter or turn aside. Never regarding her personal safety, she cheerfully obeyed the summons, but with the calm consciousness that she must uphold the throne and deliver her people by the sacrifice of herself.

The early life of Joan had served, in no small degree, to develop her spiritual perceptions. Leading the life of a shepherdess, she had many opportunities to commune with Nature. She was inclined to spend much time in meditation, and often manifested a calm but deep religious feeling. When the young people of the neighborhood were engaged in their youthful amusements, she frequently sought the solitude of the groves, where she listened to the minor music of the winds and waters, or spent her time in weaving floral chaplets for the saints whose actual guardianship she constantly realized. Her peaceful life, away from the selfish strifes of the world, and the conscious presence of watchful spirits, so quickened her faculties and opened the interior avenues of perception that, at the early age of fifteen, she had become so mediumistic as to be able to converse with the Spirits. It is recorded that one day while

she was walking in the garden she was addressed by an audible voice which she attributed to St. Michael. What evidence she had that it was the particular saint named we have no means of knowing ; but it would appear that from and after that experience she often conversed with the inhabitants of the Spirit World.

Early in 1429, before the fair shepherdess of Domremy had completed her eighteenth year, she was so powerfully moved by the Spirits that watched over the destinies of France, that she sought an audience of Baudricourt, the Governor of Vaucouleurs, to whom she appealed in the following significant address :

“ Know, O Captain, master, that God, within a short time past, has several times made known, and commanded, that I should go to the dauphin who should be, and is the true king of France, and that he would put soldiers under my charge, and that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct the king to Rheims to be consecrated.”

The Governor, naturally concluding that the young woman's mind was disordered, sent her away. But the invisible power, that inspired her soul and governed her movements, did not appear to recognize the paramount authority of his Excellency. In a few days she returned, and thus addressed him in language of earnest entreaty :

“ In God's name send me quickly, for this day the dauphin has met with a great misfortune near Orleans, and he will rally and experience a still greater one if you do not send me to him soon.”

This proved to be a revelation of the facts as they actually occurred on that very day at a distance of three hundred miles from the presence of the prophetess. Joan had faithfully reported to the Governor the result of the battle of Rouvrai St. Denis. When Baudricourt, through other channels, received authentic intelligence from the seat of war, the precise agreement of the essential facts with the previous announcement of the Seeress, filled him with a

strange surprise. He had been apprehensive that he might expose himself to severe censure, and the ridicule of the populace, should he listen to a crazy girl, who vainly imagined that she was a providential character. But the demonstration of her spiritual telegraphic powers, added to her constant importunities, finally prevailed, and she was permitted to undertake her perilous mission. She was furnished with a simple escort, consisting of two gentlemen commissioned to conduct her to the King. At first they exhibited an unwillingness to undertake the service, knowing that the country through which they must travel was in a state of anarchy, and that robbery, rapine, and murder were of frequent occurrence. Joan, however, displayed the greatest intrepidity, feeling assured that the invisible powers that governed her destiny would shield her until she could accomplish the object of her mission.

The journey occupied eleven days, and was unattended by any serious accident. On arriving at Chinon she forwarded to the King the dispatches which she bore from the Governor. Charles hesitated to receive her, but after due deliberation and consultation with the council of State she was admitted to his presence. With a view of testing her peculiar powers Charles disguised himself in plain garments and mingled with the multitude. When approached he protested that he was not the King. But disregarding his words and passing by his courtiers, she fell at his feet, and proposed to raise the siege and conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. To remove the last doubts that haunted the mind of Charles she made confidential disclosures to him in presence of his confessor and several other witnesses. The King was overwhelmed with the evidence of her supra-mortal knowledge, and openly declared—confirming his statement by an oath—that the information imparted could have been known to no person on earth but himself. To avoid, as far as possible, the consequences of an adverse judgment on the part of the people, Charles

caused her to appear for further examination before the Parliament. Her inquisitors were not prepared to recognize her claims, but the trial proved that she was no mere enthusiast ; they soon discovered that she was endowed with superior wisdom, and at last they were convinced that she was divinely inspired.

The King hesitated no longer, since it was evident that a higher power had already sanctioned the mission of the inspired heroine. He caused her to be properly equipped with everything except a sword, which was left to her own selection. She had learned from the Spirits that in the crypt of an old cavalier, in the Church of St. Catherine, was a sword she had never seen. No mortal was aware of its existence. This weapon she demanded, and would have no other. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to the tomb—with full directions from Joan—where he found the sword in the place she had described. The consecrated weapon was placed in her hands, and she received her commission as a military chieftain at the hands of the King.

The brave and beautiful Joan lost no time in making ready for her march. Soon after her arrival at Orleans—at mid-day, while she was sleeping—there was a sudden commotion, and she was aroused by the noise of the rapid movement of armed men. A small detachment of French soldiers had made a reckless advance upon the enemy and had been repulsed. The virgin chief rushed to the scene, rallied the retreating soldiers, and led them to an assault that resulted in the capture of a fort. She had infused something of her spirit into the men, who seemed to be inspired with a new assurance of victory. Soon after placing herself at the head of the troops she stormed one of the principal fortifications of the enemy. In the midst of the fight a strange panic seized the soldiery ; the lines were broken and a portion of her troops became demoralized. It was a moment of great peril, and the heroism displayed on the occasion was truly sublime. We may well imagine that the old cav-

alier, whose bones were in the tomb of the Church of St. Catherine, was there in spirit to nerve the delicate hand that grasped his chosen weapon. Rushing forward with a spirit that was electrical in its effect upon the retreating soldiers, the Maid of Orleans, with her own hand, planted her standard in the breach. The assault was renewed with redoubled energy, and the fort was captured. A few days later, after morning prayers, she stormed and carried the last stronghold of the enemy, and then marched in triumph into the city, to the great joy of the people, who received her with universal acclamation.

One after another the inferior posts of the enemy, in the neighborhood of Orleans, were surrendered. But Gergeau, a fortified city, resisted the victorious march of the French; and here our heroine was wounded. She was scaling a wall, and while standing at the top of a ladder, with the King's standard in one hand and the sword of St. Catherine in the other, she was pierced by an arrow; and then a stone, hurled from above, struck her helmet. The blow was so violent that she fell to the ground. Instantly rising, she shouted aloud to the soldiers: "Friends! come on! Our Lord has condemned the English. They are ours. *Bon courage!*"

The powers of the Spirit World, through the mediumship of this fair young girl, had turned back the tide of war. With the termination of the siege of Orleans—if the resolution of the English did not waver—it is certain that the fortunes of the contending parties were more equally balanced. The Duke of Bedford realized the necessity for increasing the active force at his command. In a few days he succeeded in raising six thousand additional men and sent them to the field to repair the shattered ranks of his army. The new preparations for carrying on this aggressive war did not fail to awaken serious apprehensions in the minds of the French Generals; but Joan's loftier spirit was undismayed. When her officers inquired what should be done to meet

new complications and an impending crisis, she answered in these emphatic words :

“We must fight the English if they hang down from the clouds, and we must furnish ourselves with good spurs in order to pursue them.”

It was in this spirit that she led the way to Rheims. The King followed with the army, but exercised no authority over its movements. All orders emanated from the inspired Commander. The line of march was through a hostile country, but the inhabitants offered no resistance. At length, at the head of her army, she entered Rheims, while the garrison retired in an opposite direction. Charles was acknowledged King. Thus with courage equal to the most trying situations ; with an unwavering faith in the achievement of a providential purpose ; and with the sublime enthusiasm of a Christian Apostle, she led the armies of France to victory and her King to his throne. Having placed the crown on the head of its rightful possessor, she felt a profound consciousness that her mission was accomplished. The occasion of the coronation was one of singular interest. The great joy of the people was tempered by an impressive solemnity. Joan, herself, held the sword over the King's head during the ceremony. At the close of the services of consecration she prostrated herself before the King, and, with a voice almost stifled by conflicting emotions, thus addressed him :

“At length, gentle King, the pleasure of God is executed, whose will it was that you should come to Rheims, to receive the consecration that was due you, to show that you are the true King, and he to whom the kingdom ought to belong.”

She now expressed an earnest desire to return to the quiet scenes of childhood, and petitioned the King to be released from all further participation in public affairs. But Charles had been so impressed by her prowess that he was unwilling to dispense with her services. To a question of

Count Dunois, respecting the possibilities of her future, she replied in the following language :

"I only know that God has given me no command except to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct the King to Rheims ; and in the doubt that he has anything more for me to do, the King will please me by permitting me to return to the home of my parents, to resume my former condition."

The King, in recognition of her services, decreed that no taxes should be imposed upon her native village of Domremy. He conferred a coat of arms and titles of nobility on her family, giving to the heroic maiden the title of "The Virgin." Joan made a fatal mistake in yielding to the pleasure of the King and the popular desire that she should remain in public life. She disobeyed the voice of her spiritual monitor that she might serve her royal master, who at last did not prove himself worthy of her unselfish devotion. In an attack on Paris the virgin warrior displayed her usual courage, but was severely wounded and left for some time in a ditch. And still the noble girl whose hand upheld a tottering throne ; to whom royalty was indebted for crown and scepter, was to be kept in the military service by her selfish king. And thus she was cruelly sacrificed. In her next battle, while defending the town of Campiegne, she was taken prisoner by the Count of Luxembourg, of Burgundy, who resigned his precious charge to the tender mercies of the English, but with the understanding that she should be treated as a prisoner of war.*

As if to prepare the public mind for the commission of one of the most dastardly and inhuman deeds that ever blackened the page of authentic history, her enemies circulated malicious calumnies. She was falsely accused of crimes ; appeals were made to popular prejudice and the

* The Duke of Bedford, in his exultation over the capture of Joan, caused the event to be celebrated by the chanting of the *Te Deum* ; and by his orders the news was carried, by special messengers, through all the Provinces.

foulest superstitions ; and she was charged with heresy, perjury, intercourse with diabolical agents, and turned over to the Inquisition. It was a Church tribunal that found the Maid of Orleans guilty of sorcery, and every other nameless and graceless offense against its despotic authority. That institution, in the insulted name of Jesus, convicted her, and sanctioned the great crime of burning her at the stake.

The noblest virtues and graces that ever adorned human nature had been beautifully exemplified in her life. Not a single deed of cruelty, a word of irreverence, or so much as a feeling of selfishness could be justly charged to her account. Nevertheless, she was reviled as an apostate, and remorselessly condemned by her heartless inquisitors. She accepted the crown of martyrdom with cheerful grace and religious resignation—apparently as cordially as she had placed the crown of France on the head of her King. On the character of the Duke of Bedford—third son of Henry IV. of England—rests the foul stain of causing her execution in the public market-place at Rouen. When the torch was applied to the faggots, she betrayed no weakness. Those who crucified her looked in vain for some sign of irresolution or feeling of displeasure ; but her solemn purpose to meet death with composure was unshaken, and the serenity of her mind undisturbed. Thus ran the pure current of her life toward the shoreless ocean,

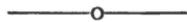
“ Like a clear streamlet o'er its jagged bed,
That by no torture can be hushed asleep.”

The beautiful and noble Joan did not die ; but, robed with flaming fire, went up to her immortality ! Her last moments were spent in prayer, and the name of Jesus was on her lip when the remorseless flames stifled her utterance. A purer spirit never ascended to the Father. The scene was impressive beyond description. An English soldier, who had avowed his readiness to add fuel to the burn-

ing pile, was smitten and overwhelmed by the moral grandeur of this last conquest—THE VICTORY OVER DEATH!—and turning away from the thrilling spectacle, in deep contrition, he declared, that from the ashes of the martyr a dove with white pinions went up to heaven!

Many years after—on the spot consecrated by the death of this Spiritual Apostle—an imposing monument was erected to her memory, bearing an exquisite inscription, of which the following is a translation :

“The royal crown is defended by the Virgin’s sword ;
Under the Virgin’s sword the lilies safely flourish.”



AMONG THE SHADOWS.

BY BELLA D. HIXON.

WE know the light and bloom will come again,
For even through the darkness and the cold
We catch some sweet, fair gleams of God’s own spring ;
Yet faint—*so* faint ! and hearts, you know, grow old ;
And eyes grow dim with all their wild, hot tears,
While waiting for the soft, low Southern wind ;
For though we may be trained to grasp the grand,
May walk with lofty brows new truths to find,
We are but mortal, and we all must know
Some days of heartache—of rebellious pain ;
Days when we falter in the cruel cold,
E’en though we know the sun will shine again.
Sometimes our hands drop weakly from their task ;
And veiled by clouds of darkest doubt and dread,
We shrink and shiver, and like children moan,
Affrighted by the gloom that hangs o’er head.
Yet we remember how in seasons past,
The warmth and fragrance freighted all the air ;
Then, in the very eagerness of pain,
We look once more : and lo ! *the sky is fair !*

SEMIRAMIS.

A SKETCH FROM BEYOND.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NAKED sweet and rosy, beneath the shadow of the fragrant and beautiful Taborna tree, lay an infant of scarcely three years. It was the goddess-born Semiramis, said to be deserted by her mother, Derceto, and left to perish in the wilds. Even at this tender age the child wore a royal beauty. She was looking earnestly away, as if waiting the approach of some friend ; and the look was strained and fixed, as if the little heart had been troubled by some unusual terror, or anxiety, in the delay of expected comfort, or relief ; and in her large, dark, far-seeing eyes, there was a light that seemed to penetrate the deep and sublime distance of future power.

But presently the marble cheek becomes warm and animated by a rapturous expression ; and kindling beams of joy awaken and inspire the radiant eyes. A white wing cleaves the distant air ; and the child hails it with a sweet cry of welcome ; and springing to her feet, with a vigorous action, she clapped her little hands, cooing sweetly, as the very doves, that had come to feed her. Stretching out her hand with a grasping eagerness, she seized the sweet fruit of the enseté or Assyrian Banana tree, which the foremost brought, and devoured it greedily, as if she had been suffering both from hunger and thirst ; and every one of the flock dropped a similar offering to her feet, or bore it to her hand. While she was thus engaged her little brothers withdrew to a short distance and left her undisturbed.

But when her hunger was appeased, they flew round and

round her, cooing and kissing her, and fanning her soft cheek with their roseate wings, while the child's features and motions became animated with the sportive spirit proper to her age. The little Muses were also her play-fellows. And what were these doves, and by whom were they appointed to the mysterious offices we have seen. History is silent, giving only the bare fact. But we know that birds, from their highly vitalized temperament, are exceedingly sensitive to spiritual influences, and in some instances have been connected with their most startling phenomena. It may be, then, something more than a myth, that this babe of the desert was watched and fed by ministers appointed and controlled by spiritual powers.

And thus she lived a full year, growing in the grandeur of that wide horizon, and lofty sky ; and her character naturally took the large mold, into which it had been so wantonly thrown. Of human beings she had no knowledge whatever. The only mothers or friends she knew, were the doves, who came to feed her by day and cover her by night. Every evening as soon as the night chills came on, they brought the long leaves of the krihaha, and spread them carefully over her, cooing meanwhile, till the soft silken curve of the dark lashes lay penciled on the alabaster cheek.

She had never heard human language ; but she talked, in her way, to the birds, and other small animals, that sometimes visited her. Everything seemed to feel her insulated and friendless condition ; and the shyest creatures, won by her artless and unconscious magnetism, became gentle and tame in her presence. She delighted in all beautiful things. The lovely grass-green plumage of the turacco or crown bird, the graceful form of the hyrens, and the splendor of the golden eagle, were all objects of intimate and familiar love. Even the shy and savage civet made friends with her ; the beautiful Zomba, a kind of Angora sheep, would come at her call ; and the wild ibex sometimes came down from his mountain fastnesses to pay her a visit. She knew all their

voices, and understood all their language. But of all these creatures, the doves alone won from her that all-trusting love, which the mother-office, by whomsoever filled, invariably awakens. These birds, indeed, seemed to have a far higher intelligence than others of their kind ; and they doubtless did ; or their native instincts were quickened and refined by inspiration. In the morning they led her out into the bright sunshine ; but when the noonday heat came on, with soft, sweet cooings, they led her back into the friendly shadows. By their own example they taught her to bathe in the pebbly rivulet from a spring near by. When she saw with what a keen zest they dashed the water with their crimson feet, and shimmered it over their snowy wings she too, but carefully, for her position had made her cautious, would step in ; and then they would frolic together, sometimes for half an hour, the child and birds equally refreshed and equally delighted. In all these ministrations one old dove always took the lead ; and she, by common consent, was recognized as *the* mother. She led the way on all occasions ; and in any unusual event, all looked to her oſr counsel, and patiently awaited her decisions.

And the instinct, or inspiration, of the birds also told them what would please the child. They brought her delicate shells from the distant sea ; and many a lovely flower that could not grow in the desert they bore her in their shining beaks. And seeing how well these objects delighted her, they became more zealous in their pursuit. They gathered for her from the kuara tree the black-eyed crimson bean, which in the name of carat, is still used in the East for weighing gold and diamonds ; and bright pebbles, and many a curious thing, found their way to her little bower. True to her human instincts she had made herself a play-house, adorned. with many a lovely thing, which she had either gathered herself, or received from her wingéd friends.

Even then was developing a latent conciousness of the grand destiny that awaited her. It might be seen in the

suddenly outbeaming power of the deep eye, and in the more than mortal majesty of the whole mien. Had it not been so, she could not have lived in this unnatural condition—in a place so wide—so silent—so alone.

A stranger step approached. It was Simmas, one of the shepherds of Ninus, the young king of Assyria, who, having lost from his flock a tame ibex, was out seeking it. This beautiful and intelligent animal was a great favorite with the royal family, and highly prized by his master; and he had now been in pursuit of it several days, dreading to return without the favorite, lest he should fall under the ban of the royal anger. But what was his surprise to see the precious animal he sought, feeding from the hand of a little child. Curiosity restrained his steps, and a wonderful scene presented itself. The doves approached, and the mother dove, advancing, marched into the water. This was the signal for an immense frolic, the child, meanwhile, trying to drag the ibex into the inviting stream; but failing in this, dashed in herself, and was laved, and sprinkled, and fanned, by her loving nurses; while the intelligence and good understanding between the parties, were obvious features of the scene. Simmas stood still a little way off, hardly daring to breathe, lest he should break the spell of enchantment, almost doubting whether the child, herself, might not be a little peri, or some wandering spirit of the air, who had, by chance, alighted on the earth. Could it be that a mortal babe lived alone in the Desert, or at least beyond the reach of all human protection? Scarcely knowing how to break in upon a scene so lovely, he threw a small pebble to attract attention.

Did the light sound strike on the child's heart with a premonition of change? Instantly she rose from the water, and stood a moment, looking the intruder, who now drew near, full in the face, with an expression of mingled wonder and terror. She was chained to the earth, and for a moment deprived of speech, or motion. But when, with a gentle gesture, he came nearer, she was roused. She stood back. She

lifted her small right hand with a forbidding motion, while the other was strongly clenched. Every feature—every line of her perfect form—became rigid with a will to resist. It was the instinctive sense of self-protection that thus clothed and crowned her with a more than royal power. The strong man trembled in the presence of the inspired babe. For some time he really dared not approach her, lest he should cause some injury, by the terrible and disproportioned excitement. But at length he succeeded in capturing her unhurt ; and taking her in his arms, he bore her to his cabin, which was only a few miles off. She did not scream, or cry, or make the least resistance ; but she was so pale and cold he was really afraid she would die.

“And hast thou found another lamb, dropped in the wild ?” asked the gentle-eyed Naomi, as he bore his burden into the midst.

“A lamb truly ;” he answered, removing his garment from the face of the child ; and when he told her how and where he had found her, Naomi exclaimed ; “The heavens have given her to our arms. Let us praise the gods for their good gift, by rearing her as our own.”

To this Simmas gladly consented ; for the sweet majesty jo the child had not only won his heart, but held him in a kind of awe. The little face had been hidden under the shepherd’s arm ; but when she heard the soft voice of Naomi whispering : “O, sweet ! O, lovely !” she ventured to look around ; and the moment her eyes met the gentle ones that looked on her so kindly, she held out her little arms with an awaking look, which might have been instinct—or memory—or both. And when the little children, and the creeping baby came around her with their loving prattle, and their winning natural sympathies, she pressed her sweet mouth to them, one after another, kissing them and cooing for very joy. But it was the mother arms she most wanted ; and for months it seemed as if this innate longing could scarcely be appeased. Whenever Baby was asleep or otherwise en-

tertained, she would creep to Naomi's bosom, and lay her head on the bare breast, with a true baby love. And sometimes to the little Esiel would be sorely jealous, and square his lip wofully, to see a strange baby in his place.

And here, too, came the doves, visiting her daily, for some time, bringing her many a sweet gift of fruit and flower. But at length, having apparently assured themselves of her safety, their visits became less frequent, and were finally withdrawn altogether ; but they were never forgotten, and many a sweet story did the little one tell, of her dwelling in the desert, and the loving ministers that had so long guarded her life, and directed her steps. But although she was endowed with quick sympathies, and was at times frolicsome and joyous almost to wildness, yet, on the whole, she could not be called a social child, though her gift of language, from the moment when she first heard the sound of speech, unfolded with preternatural rapidity. Her intellect lay deep, and was not called forth on common occasions ; but there were times when she would astonish the simple shepherds by her strangely mature meanings.

Simmas and Naomi often talked together of these peculiarities ; but they never could exactly agree on the subject, because one looked simply at the surface and the other looked beneath. "Say what you will," said Naomi one day, "I know the child has royal blood in her. I see it and feel it in all her actions ; and some day, depend on it, she will prove her birthright."

"All your own way," returned Simmas, "but if she ever is a queen, she will be a good one, for she is obedient and respectful, and very kind to the children ; though she has her strange ways that we do not understand."

And one of these strange ways, doubtless, was the seeming necessity of occasional solitude. With great physical activity she delighted in its exercise, and was always ready to assist Naomi in her household operations, and especially in the care of sick sheep, or young lambs, for which she

seemed to have a special gift. But when her work was done she always sought seclusion. After the rainy season was over, she, in common with all animate nature, rejoiced in the sunbeams. On the beautiful banks of the Tigris she had found a secluded bower, which she adorned with all her treasures, and kept sacred to herself. Near by was a sunny slope, reaching down to the river, whose murmuring waters had for her a strange weird music, that wiled her away out of the sphere of sight and sense, into the pure air which only high natures can reach and breathe. With folded and reverent perception, she entered into the broad, the grand, the vast ; and, in devout idea, beheld all the Possible. In the clear sweet mornings here she would lie, absorbing the golden light and the quickening air, until every fiber of her system became overcharged with magnetism, hereafter to be evolved in works of power, which no other single person in all the ages has ever achieved.

Then again she would creep into the deepest shadow, and, almost without breathing, listen to the musical water, until her whole being was resolved into the single sense of hearing. And in it all was a voice, that seemed calling her up, out, away into a sense of immeasurable greatness. At length there seemed to be an intelligence in these sounds, which, when any question oppressed her mind, would shape words in reply ; and circumstances of interest or importance were frequently thus préaudited.

In short, though governed externally by the same treatment, she appeared as different from the shepherd's children, as if she had belonged to wholly another race. Naomi, with her quick womanly instincts, was the first to perceive this. Without the least particle of envy or jealousy, she was really prouder of her desert foundling than of any of her own children.

“O, if her mother could only see her !” she would often exclaim, as she parted the bright brown hair from the broad forehead, and looked into the eyes—wells of living light—

until her own sight was well nigh lost in their depths. And then she would say: "Who was her mother; and how did she lose her beautiful babe?" Report had said, and History repeats the story—that the inhuman mother had forsaken and left her infant to perish in the wild. But the heart of Naomi rejected this testimony altogether, and she often said: "A child like Semiramis no mother ever *could* forsake." And she was right. Derceto was a woman of rare gifts, as the mother of Semiramis must have been. In her the maternal instinct was extremely strong, and so passionately fond was she of her child that the father, in a fit of absurd jealousy, stole it away at night with his own hands, because he could trust no other, and left it alone in the desert. How unconsciously bad men sometimes carry forward, and assist in establishing, the Divine plans and purposes.

"I know not what to make of the little waif," said Naomi one day to her husband; "for though she is by far the best child I have, she sometimes looks at me so strangely, I am afraid of her. Depend on it, father, she is made for no common things. I look to see her a queen yet."

Then Simmas laughed and said, "it is surprising how women will let their fancies run away with them. She is a nice child surely; and I have always been thankful that I found her; but she is nothing so handsome as our Zora, and no king, or even prince, comes to woo her but only the simple shepherd, Hanan."

"I can see Zora," answered Naomi, "and I can see Semiramis. They are both children to make a mother proud; but their looks are as different as their ways. Zora is a good little girl, but the queen is not in her." And this conversation illustrates the difference between the crude externalized perception of man, and the finer spiritual insight of woman.

Under these loving ministries the young Semiramis grew in grace and beauty until her fifteenth year, when she became conscious of an approaching crisis and the necessity

of solitude grew daily more apparent and imperative, and when not otherwise engaged she almost entirely dwelt in her bower. One day as she lay listlessly watching the motion of the leaves, and the balls of the button-wood, as they swung in the wind, and saw the wandering Rose of Jericho sweeping away over the plain, with thoughts and feelings as free and boundless, she suddenly became quiet and reposed, and at length she fell asleep.

Reclining on a couch of hyacinthine blossoms, her head pillow'd on one beautiful arm, over which swept the rich waves of her nut-brown hair, vailing neck and bosom with its wavy mazes, lay the sweet sleeper, her whole form redolent and inspired with out-breathing bloom and beauty. Now over-wearied with her search into the unsearchable, her slumber was profound. Lilacs, oleanders and sweet jasmine shrubs, mingled their breath and beauty around her. The air was odorous with blossoms, and sweet with the presence of henna ; and the damask rose that blossomed beside her was not tenderer than the blooms of her waxen cheek.

A horseman, whose richly caparisoned steed indicated a person of distinction, had alighted at the entrance of this secluded spot, and with careful steps he drew near, for he had seen sometimes from the distant highway a bright form flitting among the blossoms, and would fain invoke a nearer view. Lifting cautiously the light trellis-work of jessamine and clematis that hid the entrance, he looked within. Was she really a descended daughter of Heaven, that her serene sleep was clothed with such a halo of divine beauty ; or could it be that one of mortal mold was ever made so fair ? He was chained to earth by one overwhelming sense of profound and passionate joy ; yet chastened with a feeling of reverence ; for he verily thought he beheld a divinity.

But when the sleeping eyes slowly opened, and he saw in them the responsive depths of a true woman's soul, he could no longer control himself, but tearing the trellis away he entered the bower, and stood face to face with the wonder-

ing girl, who had risen, modestly waiting his approach. The noble person, now in the first fine flush of manhood, the majestic air and the sweet persuasive eloquence of his unutterable admiration, all conspired to invest him with fascination, rich, sweet and altogether new ; and Semiramis, half abashed, half astonished, and wholly charmed, stood before him, now gazing into his face with a sense of simple wonder, now dropping her eyes with the tenderest bloom of blushes. All the mystery of her young life, with its undeveloped depths of latent passion, deeper than the riddle of the sphinx, sweeter than the singing of winds or waves, sublimer than the story of the stars, sprang into her heart, pulsed in every vein, melted through her eyes, and made her whole being radiant with the power of all-informing, all inspiring love. And well worthy was Menones, the young Lord of Nineveh, to be its interpreter.

There were moments which seemed to hold the depth of years—of ages—within the compass of a signet ring, and then there was little to be explained on either side. Clasping the new-found treasure reverently to his heart, Menones bore her in his arms to the cabin of Simmas, and besought of him the gift of her hand in marriage. This was very generously accorded, although the good shepherd, who had seen his approach, very innocently thought that the magnet was to be found in the graces of his favorite daughter.

The young couple tenderly loved each other ; but their happiness was of short duration. From the very first Menones had a profound presentiment of approaching loss, and he sought to vail the charms of his young wife in the deepest seclusion. If possible he would have hidden her very existence from the knowledge of Ninos. But

“ There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may ; ”

and of no one was this ever more true than of Semiramis.

But a few months after their marriage, Ninus had planned

the reduction of Bactria, a city of ancient Persia, and had already crossed the river Oxus with that intent. Menones being summoned to his aid, thought to leave his young wife in the protection of her reputed father, but she insisted on accompanying him, and very unwillingly he permitted her to go. But from that hour Menones never smiled. A dark prevision of coming ill continually overshadowed him. But notwithstanding this, his young wife began to exhibit the highest power of generalship, in the management and conduct of the siege ; and by her wise and prudent advice, she hastened the operations of the king, and finally took the city.

On their return Ninus celebrated his victory by a great festival, which was to include a hunt of seven days in the royal Paradise. The king himself went in person, with all his royal array of chariots and plumed horses, to escort the young heroine on her first appearance at court. He brought her jewels and changes of garments—of imperial richness—and he led with his own hand, a snow-white palfrey for her use. All the harness and housing of the noble animal were profusely adorned with the finest silk and the purest gold. He was a brave steed, and all who saw him said he should have as brave a rider. Menones, who was alarmed for the safety of his wife, had protested against her precious person being thus exposed to danger. But making a step of the king's extended hand, with a light leap she sprang into the saddle, and beckoned Menones to take his place by her side ; but the king—as he gallantly lifted the silken reins—was mounted, and beside her in a moment ; the body guard closely surrounded them, and the hapless husband was pushed back into the crowd.

With dilated nostrils, fiery eyes and hoof that spurned the earth, the white palfrey sprang to the path ; but he met a stronger and truer hand than he expected, for he was checked with a force that brought him fairly to his haunches,

and then he obeyed the rein gently as the gentlest ; and all might see she was mistress of her place.

The horse was worthy of the queenly form he bore ; and he seemed to take pride in his rich adornments. With proudly arching neck, he champed his bit of beaten gold, and shook his tall white ostrich plumes that were bound together by a star of saphires, which made the frontlet ; and in every motion he yielded to the royal grace of his rider, with a grace as royal. Never under the sun was there seen a lovelier sight ; and there were hearts there that wanted to be still, that they might more completely behold its beauty. And when they moved off with such a stately grace, shouts and cheers saluted them, and continued to resound during the whole ride. But there was one heart had received its death-blow ; and was not Semiramis conscious of this ? Yes, and her own heart responded with a pang, which all the pomp could not allay ; and if her wish could have brought that aching heart to her side, she would have felt it wrth more than all the splendors.

For the first time in her life the young Semiramis was ushered into royal halls ; but she entered them quietly, as into her native sphere, unawed and undazzled by the gorgeous array. Led by the hand of Ninus she passed the lofty portals, guarded on either hand by gigantic brazen bulls and rampant lions ; and the way led through halls panneled with porphyry and alabaster, richly sculptured, or painted of the most gorgeous colors, while the very floors they trod on, composed of similar pannels, seemed inlaid with richest gems.

Led by her royal host, Semiramis was seated on a couch of gold, draped with silken cushions, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and set with precious stones. In this, the grand reception room, the richness of the Orient seemed exhausted, in the vast array of sculpture, embroidery, silk and cloth of gold. And the light from one large window in the roof, mellowed and enriched by draperies of the rich-

est purple, heavily embroidered, with golden thread, fell on the sculptured couches, and enameled floors, the golden goblets and the jeweled vases, and the thousand ornaments of carved ivory, ebony and mother-of-pearl, softening their splendor, but enhancing their richness.

Menones followed with a heavy heart ; for in this royal rival he too truly read his own doom. But the young Semiramis beheld with flashing eyes her kingly conquest ; and though she tenderly loved her husband, she could not be insensible to the triumph she had achieved ; and her beauty grew grander every moment. Still she sought every opportunity to speak kindly to Menones, and strove to detain him by her side ; for she saw how he was suffering. But he only smiled a sickly smile ; for his heart was already broken. He took little notice, indeed, of the king's daughter, the beautiful young Sosanna, who had been instructed to woo him ; and in vain she lavished on him all her blandishments.

Not by menials was Semiramis served ; but the king's own hand placed before her the plate of gold, and presented the goblet flashing with gems, hardly richer than the sparkling palm-wine. And it was he who led her through the blooming gardens, and the sculptured halls, stopping now and then to read for her the histories that were carved in their lofty pannels.

Of all that could attract the eye, enchant the ear, or captivate the soul, nothing was left untried. Flattery in the finest and most seductive forms assailed the heart of Semiramis. Painters and sculptors on bended knee sketched her charms ; and minstrels poured into melodious song—sweet praises of her beauty. But beneath all of this there was an aching void, which nothing but a look of responsive love could reach or fill. The eye of Menones continually shrunk from hers ; and a thousand times she wished herself safe at home in her own simple and peaceful bower ; for the dark look of her husband distressed and alarmed her. At length, oppressed beyond endurance, by a terrible premoni-

tion of impending ill, at an early hour—greatly to the relief of Menones—she proposed to retire. It was in vain that Ninus protested against this, urging them to remain at the palace until after the great hunt, which was to terminate the festivities. She was resolute : and thus, wrenching from their host an unwilling assent, they withdrew ; but not before Ninus had privately besought Menones for his beautiful young wife, offering to give his daughter Sosanna in exchange. This was the final blow. That night was to Menones the last of earth. Overwhelmed with a view of his impending loss, he refused to live any longer, drank the poison which he had kept prepared, and a few hours after, a corpse was shrouded in his late happy home—a horrible and ghastly spectacle, after the splendors and triumphs of yesterday ; and the ninth wave of misery rolled over the young head that had, but a moment before, borne itself so royally.

The first effect of this blow was a torpor of the whole system, almost amounting to paralysis. She was stupefied—stunned—both in heart and mind. This condition continued about ten days ; and then there was a strong and sudden reaction. She came out of it a changed being. She knew that bulletins expressing great concern and care for her health had been dispatched from the palace with every hour in the day, to the great satisfaction of Naomi, who had taken the position of chief nurse by the pillow of her dear foster child ; and at length she consented to see her royal suitor. But how changed. Out of the fire that passed over her there had suddenly grown up a statelier power, and a grander beauty. The simple-hearted and gay young girl had passed into the resolved, self-poised, and self-conscious woman. The king stood silent and awe-struck before her, and she was the first to speak.

“I am not insensible,” she began, “to the grace your royal favor would confer ; but I must speak the truth. I am not, as you must see, what I was a few days ago. I loved my

husband ; and my heart bled with his. How long it was I know not, but the time seemed drawn into ages. There was no stirring of nerve or muscle—no sound or sign of suffering—but only one deep void of blank despair. With all the life I had I prayed to die. If I could have seized a dagger, or poison, or even clutched at my own throat, I would have torn out my vitals piecemeal—anything to ease that straining horrible ache.

“ How I came to sleep I know not ; but I forgot myself —forgot my loss—forgot even my desire to die. And then a bright being came and took me by the hand, and led me away, out into a wide field of peace and beauty ; and, as he turned his eyes full upon me, I saw it was Menones, and fearing he would escape, I sought to detain him. But he smiled a sweet smile and said gentl'y : ‘ Not now. There are great works to be done ; and then thou shalt enter with me into the joys of the true life.’ In a moment he was gone ; and then I stood alone with my works. Splendid achievements passed in review before me. Towers, temples and cities came at my call ; and conquered nations bowed at my feet and sued for mercy. I invoked the generous Earth, and she answered with teeming harvests. Waste places were gladdened with the presence and the blessing of water. And when I looked abroad and beheld them all I said : ‘ I will live to compass and call them forth, and make them an everlasting remembrance in the earth.’ ” She paused a moment, and then resumed :

“ And now, Ninus, Builder of Nineveh and king of Assyria, I have heard and listened to thy suit ; but tell me now as thy soul liveth, shall I be free to achieve all this and whatever else my destiny sets before me.” And he answered : “ As my soul liveth, thou shalt be free. By the Eternal One, whose throne is in the mystic circle of the Heavens, I swear not only to permit, but to aid and strengthen thee in all thy works.” And as he spoke his whole countenance became suffused with the outblooming

light of pure truth. She laid her hand in his ; and in the presence of all the chief people of the kingdom, among whom the good shepherd and his family had high places, they were married.

"Come with me," said Ninus, a few days after this, "and let us visit our aged father, for he is very old ; and every day threatens to be his last." To this she gladly assented, for she had long desired to see the great Belus, the Builder of many cities, and the founder and first sovereign of the Assyrian empire.

As they entered his chamber, he was standing with the full light of the setting sun falling over him. The broad and beautiful brow, the long silvery hair and beard sweeping his shoulders and falling over his breast ; the massive and stately form scarcely bowed by age, made altogether a presence of godlike grandeur.

"Ah, my son ! thou art in good time," he said, groping his way as if partially blind, to meet them—"and welcome, too, my daughter." He drew her gently to his arms, and parting away the hair, kissed her fair forehead, then resumed. "My steps on earth are faint and few. I shall sleep with yonder setting sun, and wake where his brightness knows no shadow."

He sat down on a couch, and Semiramis knelt before him. "Thou art fair my child," he said at length, "but thy deeds shall be fairer than thy face. The field is broad, the works are many, the power is full. Thy life is a flowing river, carrying abroad bloom and fruitage, and clothing the earth with greenness and beauty. Thy name and thy renown shall never die, but clothed and crowned with immortal works, they shall still live on, bearing rich fruits of blessing unto endless ages."

He looked in her face a moment, mournfully kissing her cheek ; and then they all sat in silence for some time. Belus was the first to speak. Lifting his right hand, and pointing to an avenue opening at a little distance, through which the

rising moon was beginning to shine, he only said; "Behold!"

Was the fair form that stood just within the shadow of the pillared portico, a palpable presence, or only a vision born of air?

"O, my sweet sister!" exclaimed Ninus, bowing himself to the ground, and extending his arms toward the fair vision. "O, my beautiful Hera! hast thou too, come to bestow on us thy blessing?"

With a sweet smile, and a gesture of benediction, she gently waved him aside, and then seemed to be regarding Belus with a fixed and earnest look, and then turning, walked away, leading by the hand a stately form, now elate with light and life. Pausing a moment before their way was hidden by the shrubbery, they waved their hands with a gesture of adieu, and disappeared. Filled with a solemn awe at this strange scene, the two wondering witnesses turned to look at Belus, and behold he was gone. Only the inanimate form remained.

The eyes of Semiramis now became wholly unsealed, and the grandeur of her coming destiny stood unveiled before her. She was a dweller in royal halls, and the wife of a great king; but this high position did not allay her ambitious schemes, but it rather inspired and animated them. She would do deeds worthy of the renown she wore; and projects of almost superhuman power and grandeur, one after another, rose before her and became history. As if endowed with the powers of some creative Giant, labors were achieved and structures were reared, which have been, through all time, the wonders of the world. And the very first of those was the Temple of Belus, with a statue of pure gold forty feet high.

Ninus, at his death, made her sole regent of the kingdom during the non age of their son Nynias; and it was then that she awoke to her full majority. She visited every part of her dominions, and left every where the immortal monu-

ments of her wisdom and her benevolence. To render roads passable and communication easy, she hollowed mountains and filled up vallies ; and on the chief road of her dominions she raised an obelisk 130 feet high, covered to the summit with historical sculpture, and cuneiform inscriptions. She called forth, encouraged and rewarded genius of whatever kind. She had an instinctive sense of the presence of latent power, and knew just how to address it. She established a school of Art on the most liberal and generous basis ; and in all works of design she enjoined a strict and careful study of Nature ; and to this circumstance is owing the grand national character of Assyrian Art. It drank from the fountain head of life, and sent forth streams to enrich the world; for its characters may be traced wherever Art is known, through Egyptian, Indian, and even the matchless Art of Greece.

Nor was she indifferent to the claims of Science. She drew around herself men distinguished for knowledge and wisdom, and especially for their advancement in Astronomy and the kindred sciences ; and she built a lofty observatory for the study of the stars. She built Babylon and several other cities. She constructed a lake to receive the overflow of the Euphrates, and had the water conveyed to barren deserts and arid plains. She tunneled the Euphrates ; and the remains of the work show that the Assyrians had some knowledge of the arch. The building of ships, the invention of flowing robes, and the spinning of cotton, are all attributed to her. She was never idle, and her achievements were always on the grandest scale. Her history seems more like a story of weird enchantments than the details of tangible fact ; and yet, to this day, they hold their place in the memory of man, with all the positive power of unadorned truth. Nor was she less distinguished as a warrior. She subdued Egypt, and reduced Ethiopia to subjection, and finally extending her arms beyond the Ganges, she made war on Stabrobates, king of India. Had she no other dis-

tinction her achievements as a general would entitle her to a high rank among the boldest and the bravest who have led, or conquered armies.

In fine, no other woman and no man in the whole range of history was ever distinguished by powers so many and varied—by a comprehension at once so broad and so fine, and by achievements that were grouped on so vast a scale.

But at length, full of years and renown, she resigned the scepter into the hands her of son, Nynias, and prepared for the last charge, which her failing strength admonished her would soon occur. She brought all the forces of her yet undimmed intellect into a calm philosophical view and review of her past life, and her present position. And so several months passed by, each one leaving her calmer, gentler and more resigned to the Divine Will, or the inexorable decree of Fate.

It was a glorious day in the just opening sunny season, when, by her own request, she was borne to a beautiful bower that fronted the west. The favorite shrubs, the lilac and sweet jasmine were in full bloom ; and for a while she seemed to enjoy the delicate beauty and the delicious fragrance, which the vernal season had called forth. Perceiving that the sun was low she dismissed her attendants, signifying her desire to be left alone.

Scarcely had the last echo of their retreating steps died on the ear, when the clustering myrtle bough, blooming near, was brushed aside by an intruding wing, and the old mother-dove perched on her pale hand, at the same time dropping a green leaf from her beak.

“And I expected thee, O, my first best mother !” said Semiramis in a voice scarcely audible. Taking up the leaf as she spoke, she recognized it as having been broken from a nyosotis she herself had planted on the tomb of Ninon.

“Tell him I am ready,” she said, stroking the bird’s head. After tears fell on its snowy plumage ; and for a moment she was silent. The dove, meanwhile, arched her neck lov-

ingly and caressed her as in the olden time. Then, after looking earnestly in the fading eyes, she soared away toward the west, until at length her form was lost in the bright beams of the sinking sun. At that very moment the struggling soul escaped, and all that was mortal of Semiramis slept the sweet sleep of death.

OCTOBER.

BY BELLE BUSH.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO EVA.

NOW is Autumn's fairest Moon,
And the royal, purple noon
Of all earthly glory :
Now let cares drift far away
While each wonder-working day
Tells to us its story.

Sung amid a thousand hills,
Hymned by "Silver-throated" rills
Through the meadows straying,
This sweet poem of the year
Mellows all the atmosphere,
Charm on charm displaying.

Scarfs of gold and crimson rest
On each mountain's pluméd crest
In a dewy splendor,
While o'er all earth's dainty things
Nature spreads out gauzy wings
As of each most tender.

Hills on which we fondly gaze,
'Neath a soft, encircling haze,
All day long seem dreaming.

Curtained from our curious eyes,
 Beauty gives us glad surprise,
 Through each vista gleaming.

Now her turrets seem to rise
 Fair as dreams of paradise
 On our vision stealing,
 Then they float and pass away
 Into darkness and decay,
 Death alone revealing.

Now from every tree-top wave
 Leafy banners, gay or grave,
 Nature's mood betraying ;
 Then their faded, wasted forms,
 Rent by strife of wind or storms,
 Fall, no use betraying.

Sleeping on the forest floor,
 Rustling by my humble door
 Withered leaves are lying,
 Sweeping over distant seas,
 Making harps of all the trees,—
 Autumn winds are sighing.

Leaves ! what say you to my heart ?
 Winds ! what melancholy art
 Wakes ye into sighing ?
 Wherefore, when we hear your moans,
 Thrill our hearts with echo-tones,
 Chord to chord replying ?

Leaves ! ah ! well I know your power,
 Winds ! ye have a wondrous dower,
 All the past revealing ;
 Faded hopes, like Autumn leaves,
 Strew life's pathway : Nature grieves—
 One with us in *feeling*.

But there is a glory born
With our life's empurpled morn
Stronger than all grieving ;
Aye, and brighter than the days
Scarfed in gold and purple haze—
"Tis of Faith's fair weaving.

Leaves may fall and quick winds sigh,
All forms of beauty droop and die,
Still Faith to us replying,
Mounts upward singing toward Love's gate,
And bids us calmly work and wait,
All cause for grief denying.

Ah ! if the Autumn of our days
Finds but the soft and mellow haze
Our fading joys concealing,
Then will our hearts be full of peace,
And every hour bring rich increase—
A life of use revealing.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, Oct. 11th, 1874.

WHY SUPPRESS THE NAME ? The Pittsburgh, (Pa.) *Evening Telegraph* makes a lengthy extract from our pages, crediting the same to "*the Spiritualistic Journal*." We are pleased to notice a growing disposition—on the part of many journalists—to contribute to the diffusion of spiritual knowledge ; but as all spiritual papers—and several that are not very spiritual—are, in common parlance, said to be spiritualistic journals, the *Telegraph*'s peculiar method of giving credit will not be likely to promote our interests. He may as well quote from any daily paper—devoted merely to the secular pursuits and interests of the people—and give credit to the *Commercial Paper* ; the *Materialistic Journal* ; or, save space by omitting to give credit at all. If the Editor of the *Telegraph* should say a good word for *the man who publishes the paper in New York*, we should not feel at liberty to make a personal application of his remarks.

DR. MARVIN ON MEDIOMANIA.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"It is a sad thing that in the Nineteenth Century one can find occasion to write such Lectures as these."—*Dr. F. R. Marvin.*

IN these rather suggestive words the author begins his preface, and we feel assured that, on this point at least, his views will elicit a most emphatic response, far and wide as his book may be read. It *is* sad to think that in the full blaze of the meridian glory of the "nineteenth century"—bathing the whole civilized world with a flood of light, and fringing the retreating shadows of the old barbarism with golden promises—even one man, belonging to any of the learned professions, can be found whose mournful ignorance more than actualizes the story of the venerable Rip of the famous Van Winkle family. Sad, indeed, it is, that a man whose profession affords special opportunities to experiment on poor human nature should be so entirely oblivious of the world's progress for the last thirty years.

There is really nothing in these Lectures that would justify the occupation of one of our pages, for the mere purpose of a brief review or a summary judgment of their contents. Their only importance is derived from the author's relations. We are reminded that he may claim—by virtue of his diploma—a certain distinction among men; and occupying a professor's chair in an institution, ostensibly designed for the medical education of women, it may be sup-

* The Philosophy of Spiritualism and the Pathology and Treatment of Mediomania. Two Lectures, by Frederic R. Marvin, M. D., Professor of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the New York Free Medical College for Women. New York : Asa K. Butts & Co., Publishers.

posed that this writer, in some sense, represents the true interests of modern Science, and the liberal spirit that comes to open the doors of her temple to Woman. It is mainly for these reasons that we pause, in the midst of more serious labors, to consider the spurious claims of a Quoxotic adventurer in the fields of scientific literature, the muddy current of whose thought finds its appropriate channel somewhere beneath the lower level of sober criticism.

The author begins his confused treatise on "the Philosophy of Spiritualism" by boldly denouncing Materialism; thus awakening, in the mind of the thoughtful reader, the expectation that he designed to regard Spiritualism as a scientific philosophy, standing on a solid basis of fact and law, and disputing the progress of the scientific Materialism that robs the Universe of God and Man of his immortality!

But, suddenly, our author's vision was obscured. Darkness, deep as the eclipse that enshrouds the day, fell upon him, and he could see nothing clearly. Immediately things became so mixed in his mind that, before getting through with his first paragraph, he could perceive no difference between the two systems, except that the one was the *inside* of the other. Then and there it was revealed to him— "*Spiritualism is the heart of Materialism.*" Well, this view of the subject, though not quite as clear as demonstration, is not so humiliating to our pride, since it involves the conclusion that Spiritualism is, after all, the most vital part of that system which modestly lays claim to all the science and philosophy of the Age.

But very soon the author—losing sight of Spiritualism as the very heart of this world's philosophy—disappeared in something more terrible than the chaos of Moses, which, it will be remembered, was "without form and void." Amidst the fearful agitation of conflicting forces and commingling elements he, now and then, came up *de profundis* to the surface for a moment—as a whale rises to spout—and anon went down into the abyssmal regions where he explored all

things from atoms to souls. In his perilous researches he discovered several things that we had long suspected had something more than an imaginary existence. We have not the space to enumerate all his curious discoveries. Among the more remarkable things that may be regarded as forever settled to the general satisfaction of mankind, we may mention the following : "The thoracic and abdominal viscera will not perform their functions in a dead body ; and the gases—nitrogen, oxygen and carbonic acid—are not to be recognized as conscious souls !

The Doctor next proceeds to controvert certain views of the late Judge Edmonds, and, in his own graceful way, uncovers the attributes of horses and cats. After diligently comparing the capabilities of these quadrupeds with the natural powers of man, he arrives at the conclusion—alas for the fondest hopes of maternity !—that "the horse is more likely to experience the joys of Paradise" than human beings who die in infancy.*

After discussing the idolatries of the ancient nations, he goes after the "revelations of consciousness," strange hallucinations and diabolical delusions, in a manner that might startle the inmates of the lunatic asylum. And here he runs a reckless tilt against something which he suspects is Spiritualism. He is now quite sure he is on the right track. The heart of the whole matter palpitates at his touch, and great truths cast their inspiring shadows over his prescient soul. The restless elements of his mental constitution are strongly agitated, and from the microcosmical vortex "*mediomania*" is evolved in all of its amazing features and aspects. By a masterly induction the Doctor traces the phenomena to *uterine causes*, and establishes—only to his own satisfaction—the identity of mediomania and Spiritualism. This appears to have been the supreme moment in the author's life, and pregnant with the issues of deathless fame

* The reader is requested to see page 12 of the Author's treatise.

and that mundane immortality which depends upon great achievements.

It is apparently with a solemn sense of his responsibility as a teacher of science and morality, that our author announces his discoveries in the following remarkable passages from his book :

"I dread to treat no form of insanity more than utromania, for of all derangements it is the most violent and persistent, and yet it is a very common disorder. The angle at which the womb is suspended in the pelvis frequently settles the whole question of sanity or insanity. Tilt the organ a little forward—introvert it, and immediately the patient forsakes her home, embraces some strange or ultra ism—Mormonism, Mesmerism, Fourierism, Socialism, oftener Spiritualism. She becomes possessed by the idea that she has some startling mission in the world. She forsakes her home, her children, and her duty, to mount the rostrum and proclaim the peculiar virtues of free love, elective affinity, or the reincarnation of souls."

"Religious revivals, spiritual *séances*, and Romish pilgrimages seldom fail to result in epidemics of sexual impropriety. The lives of saints, priests, ecstastics, devotees and media, are so many records of sexual derangement. St. Theresa and St. Catherine de Siene, who, in nightly trances, believed themselves folded in the arms of Jesus, were nymphomaniacs ; and the love festivals, holy loves, and seraphim-kisses, are believed by physiologists to have indicated points of union between religion and sexual erethism." *

Well, we feared it might come to this at last. The earliest of the materialistic expounders of spiritual phenomena discovered the Rappings in the great toe joints of the medium. With a laudable desire to protect the people from base delusions, they traveled about the country, giving illustrations by dislocating their superior toes—all for the truth's sake and a shilling at the door. Then came the famous Buffalo Doctors with higher views and aims. They demonstrated—to the satisfaction of as many as believed—that the

* These extracts may be found on pp. 47 and 54 of Dr. Marvin's Book.

Rappings were in the *knees* of the medium. But at length the spirit of progress, and the passion for new discoveries, has led to such sublime altitudes that we must accept our author's testimony rather than attempt to follow so bold an investigator.

The author declaims incoherently against Materialism, and yet his views—as frequently and variously expressed in these lectures—admit of no other conclusion but that he is covertly defending the very doctrine he pretends to dispute and denounce. Let us select several brief passages for illustration, admonishing the reader that we omit many others of similar import :

1. "There never was and there never will be more force in the Universe than there is to-day. The utilization of force by the brain is thought—this utilization is the function of that part of the brain which we call the cerebrum. Here we arrive at the scientific soul—*it is nervous energy.*" (pp. 27, 28.)

2. "Thought, like light and heat, is a mode of motion. When the brain dies thought goes where motion goes when the wheel stops." (p. 32.)

3. Intellection . . . is entirely controlled, so far as we know, by states of matter ; it is evidently *a function of matter.* (Ibid.)

4. "What does the individual transmit to his child? Nothing is bequeathed but flesh and blood." (pp. 43, 44.)

1. Now as the author does not believe that any function of mind can possibly occur after the material organ of the faculty is destroyed, what will have become of his "scientific soul"—which is defined to be "*nervous energy*"—when the nerves are gone? Can nervous energy exist without nerves? No. Our author does not admit the existence of the force, nor the possible occurrence of the function in the absence of the organic conditions of its development. Thus he extinguishes his "scientific soul" and upholds the Materialism he pretends to controvert. 2. If the individual intelligence is forever destroyed by the decomposition of the brain, as Dr. Marvin affirms, then our identity is lost and conscious exis-

tence terminates. Pray what is this but the baldest Materialism? 3. Again, if intellection, or the apprehension of ideas, is a function of matter, in certain organized forms, then the disorganization of such material bodies must involve the extinction of this power of apprehension; and it follows, per consequence and inevitably, that our individuality must be as perishable as the changing forms of the natural world. Here again we find the author doing such service as he is able in the interest of the old Materialism. 4. Once more: If we bequeath only "flesh and blood" to our children; if no spiritual elements are transmitted in the organic life of offspring, it follows, *ex necessitate*, that men beget only *brutes*—all children are animals, and nothing more. This is a Materialism gross enough to satisfy the lowest and most sensuous nature that ever assumed human shape.

And here the old sadness, that so oppressed the author's mind at the beginning of his lectures, comes over us with redoubled power. And is it a sadness that admits of alleviation in any promise of better things to come from the same source? Alas, no! We have the only alternative solution that this Professor of Psychological Medicine has to offer of the most vital question of the Ages. Such is his disposition of millions of facts of the deepest significance—facts of daily occurrence among all nations and races. It is evident that his limited knowledge and superficial thought do not enable him to comprehend the sublime philosophy of Spiritualism. The Alpha of its inspired Polyglot is to him the doubtful sign of "an unknown tongue." At best he can only expectorate at the subject, and then leave it in bad odor. But we are reminded that no creature can either reverse the laws of its nature, or transcend the limits of its innate capacity. Owls and bats love darkness; ground moles never study the stars; and every living thing has a natural right to be and to remain in its own appropriate sphere. We must learn the lesson, that while it is the privilege of the eagle to soar, it may be no less the province of meaner things to crawl.

Dr. Marvin quotes from several authors, of more or less eminence, and thus shows that he has occasionally been at the tables of more affluent minds. But the reader of average intelligence will not fail to discover, that he has no power to properly assimilate what he has read. The ideas of other authors do not enter into his mental constitution with any vitalizing power. The gathered pieces, whether crumbs or bones, have not been materially modified by the chemistry of his mind. Such mental pabulum remains unchanged. He carries the fragments with him as personal effects ; they may be soiled, more and more, as often as transferred ; but still they discover no traces of a power of mental digestion in the party who gets them for nothing and peddles them for a price.*

It is well known that several of our mediums are very robust men, weighing from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois ; and as the organic conditions of mediumship—as defined in the book under review—do not, and cannot exist in such persons, it yet remains for the author to account for their susceptibility. But let us here dismiss this mere pretender to a knowledge of a very grave subject. In ascribing the Spiritual Phenomena to uterine derangements, Dr. Marvin discovers a frivolous disposition ; he dishonors a noble profession, and offers a deliberate insult to the common intelligence of the Age. We are surprised that the Free Medical College for Women, in this city, will even tolerate—in the chair of Psycholog-

* In reviewing this hash of scientific scraps, preposterous assumptions, offensive egotism and irreverence—rags of the gross Materialism, now ready to tumble into the grave opened by Spiritualism for its everlasting repose—the *N. Y. Tribune*, in a sympathetic spirit, says : “ His sincerity is unquestionable, and there may be grounds for much that he adduces against ‘ the Spiritual Philosophy.’ . . . His books are able and well calculated to set people to thinking in wholesome directions.” But anodynes are out of place at the inquest. In these considerate and complimentary words to the old Materialism—in the very hour of its dissolution—there is something inexpressibly touching. To exceed this, under all the circumstances, one must throw a sop at Cerberus after the dog is dead.

ical Medicine—a man who only trifles with the great problems of life and immortality!—questions that demand of him an honest statement and a logical explanation. It is time for all such pseudo-scientific expounders of Spiritual Phenomena to stop airing their egotism and to engage in prayer. The poet Dryden has furnished a form that is singularly appropriate :

"Some tempest rise,
And blow out all the stars that light the skies,
To shroud our shame."

SPIRITUALISTIC PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

BY GEORGE SEXTON, M. A., M. D., LL. D.

AMONG those who profess an interest in Spiritualism are many who are only in pursuit of some new sensation. Others are mere idlers, lounging about the loopholes of Angeldom, watching day and night, and from year to year, the telegraphic signals of its mystical tongues. Others still want to possess themselves of its Arcana for very questionable purposes. These are mostly people who can not distinguish a new Gospel from the tricks of the juggler and the traps of mere mercenaries. Such men degrade the subject by base alliances. They keep it on exhibition in the market where all earthly and corruptible things are exposed to sale. With such people its progress is only a kind of scrub-race with scientific materialism, theological dogmatism, popular infidelity, and every species of empiricism. There is no disguising the fact that Spiritualism has suffered a kind of crucifixion from this cause, both in Europe and America.

The subjoined article, entitled as above, appeared in the last issue of the London *Christian Spiritualist*, conducted by Dr. George Sexton, F.R.G.S., of London, and Honorary Fellow of the Royal Italian Academy of Science. Under the present editorial management the

Spiritualist nobly represents the higher phases of the Spiritual Philosophy and the graces of its literature. Indeed, we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Sexton, William Howitt, and Gerald Massey for labors which have separated Spiritualism—in the mind of the English public—from its forced and unnatural relations with selfish objects and mercenary schemes.

It is refreshing, when one is weary of mere platitudes, and has no taste for the insipidity and froth of a shallow fanaticism—to meet with such teachers. They belong to the spiritual Illuminati of our time. They help us to take broad and liberal views of Nature and Man, and to calmly interpret the interior mysteries of Being. The high office of public instructor is honored by their labors. Dr. Sexton is such a teacher, with whom the progress of Spiritualism is something of immeasurable import. He reverently approaches its profound problems—treats the whole subject with becoming dignity—and is an able interpreter of its living tongues. His scholarly pen illuminates whatever it touches. The Editor of the *Spiritualist* is no mammon worshiper, and will not prostitute his paper to purposes that are merely commercial. We sincerely hope his journal may find many patrons in the United States. Instead of following the lead of others (for sweet charity's sake they shall be nameless in this place) into degrading fellowship with all meaner things, Dr. Sexton has done much to lift Spiritualism from and above the low sphere of unsanctified passions and selfish pursuits, to higher levels, where it may be calmly viewed in the clear light and pure atmosphere of its own divine life.

EDITOR B. J.

FROM THE LONDON CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

Every cultivated Spiritualist must admit that the great mass of spiritualistic literature, both in this country and in America, is of such a character that, although possessing a considerable amount of interest for the time, is yet hardly likely to take a place which shall render it permanent in the world of books. Dealing as it does mostly with phenomena, frequently of a most trivial character, it is, no doubt, admirably adapted to satisfy the wants of a great number of inquirers, but most certainly is in no way capable of meeting the

condition of the thinker. Spiritualism is both a science and a philosophy, and as such allows scope for the exercise of the very highest powers of the human mind. There is certainly no branch of knowledge with which we are acquainted that affords such an excellent opportunity for the display of the deepest and profoundest thoughts of which man is capable. It combines the realism of physical science with the most perfect knowledge of the ideal, based upon the Invisible and stretching out to the Infinite. Yet most of its literature is of so evanescent a character, that it is only adapted for popular reading, and not likely either to interest the philosopher of to-day or to take a permanent position in the language.

To a great extent, perhaps, this is unavoidable. A large number of the persons who read our journals belong to the popular classes, and are not, therefore, fitted either by education or culture to ponder over the profound problems involved in the Spiritualistic Philosophy. There is, however, yet another class—every day becoming larger—for whom Spiritualism has a deep and profound meaning, in connection with the very highest themes that fall within the range of human thought. Just at the present time, when we are again confronted with the old problems upon which the ancients bestowed such persistent and well-directed thought ; when modern science has compelled us to face the difficulties of ontology, and to stand appalled before the ever-recurring question of Being, Spiritualism should have something to say upon topics which lie largely within her special domain, and upon which she is calculated to shed a light that can be obtained from no other source. It is high time, therefore, that her leading disciples took this matter into consideration and showed the philosophers of the age the great truths which she has revealed, and which are calculated to revolutionize so many of the idle speculations of the time, whether coming to us in the form of atheistic theories to account for the existence of the phenomena of the external universe, or ma-

terialistic hypotheses for explaining the philosophy of mind. Few, indeed, are the works in connection with modern Spiritualism which take this position, and right glad are we to see that a want, which has been so long felt by all educated and cultivated Spiritualists, is now being admirably supplied.

In January, 1873, appeared in America a new Quarterly, entitled "BRITTAN'S JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration," which has continued up to the present time, and the object of which was to deal with the important and difficult questions before named. Dr. Brittan was well known as the author of one of the most marvellous books to which this age has given birth, entitled "Man and his Relations," a work which has long been out of print, but a new edition of which, we are happy to learn, will be speedily forthcoming. His name, therefore, was a guarantee that any journal brought out under his control would not only worthily represent Spiritualism, but would be conducted in a manner that would entitle it to rank with the productions of the most profound thinkers.

We have perused with unalloyed pleasure each number of this Journal as it has appeared, and have before us now the last one issued, and we find that its merits have been ably sustained, and the high purpose with which it started in no way diminished. In its pages have appeared essays, displaying the profoundest thought upon the subjects dealt with, calculated to place the Spiritualistic Philosophy in such a form as to render it acceptable to the most cultivated minds, and to give a permanent interest to the Journal itself. We can not help thinking that the Tyndalls, the Huxleys, the Spencers, the Leweses, the Mills, the Bains, *et hoc genus omne*, would, after a careful perusal of some of these papers, have seen good ground, if not for changing, at least for modifying their opinions. In the current number we would draw especial attention to an article on "Intellectual and Moral Forces," by Judge Dille; another on "God and Special Providences," by the late Judge Edmonds;

a masterly Lecture on "The State of Children after Death," by the late W. S. Courtney.....and a paper on the "Ideas of Life," by the Editor ; all of which display profound thought, and deserve not simply to be read, but to be carefully digested.

Here follows an extract from Judge Dille's article on "Intellectual and Moral Forces ;" and then Dr. Sexton concludes his article with the following paragraph, containing an important suggestion which we must take into serious consideration.

ED.

We have not space to make further extracts from this admirable Journal, but strongly urge upon our readers to procure it for themselves. One suggestion we have to offer to the Editor, which is, that he should make arrangements for the publication of his Magazine in this country [England] simultaneously with its issue in America, feeling, as we do, quite sure that such a course would conduce greatly both to the circulation of the Journal itself, and to the advancement of the cause which it represents.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We most cordially agree with Dr. Sexton in his estimate of the Spiritual Literature of our time. Much of it is but the foam on the deep river of spiritual life and thought. The public mind—deeply agitated by a profound idea—like the contents of a boiling caldron may be purified by forcing the scum to the surface. Many people value the river, not for its unfathomed depths; not for the majestic sweep and irresistible power of its waters; nor yet for its fertilizing influence, and the forms of beauty that live and bloom along its banks ; but rather for the conspicuous trifles that float on the surface. They gather the worthless drift and are satisfied. But we must do what we can to cultivate a higher taste, and to establish a literature which shall worthily represent the great Reformation of the Nineteenth Century. Such a literature is the noblest and most enduring memorial of any people. Of the monuments of the Greeks and Romans only their languages and their literature are immortal.

KARDEC'S BOOK OF MEDIUMS.*

BY THE EDITOR.

In offering to the public a translation of a work by so celebrated an author as Allan Kardec, and one so much beloved among Spiritists in foreign countries, not only for his scientific attainments in spirit studies, but for his purity of life and character, I feel my own incompetency, . . . but for the assistance received from the Spirits . . . I have endeavored to render faithfully the exact meaning of the original, and I can truly say the work of translating has been a labor of love. . . .
—*Translator's Preface.*

THE mere observation of such external phenomena as address the mind, through the ordinary channels of sensation, requires but a comparatively low order of mental development. Even animals are capable of observing many physical facts and fortuitous occurrences, and their conduct and habits are variously modified by such observations. A vast majority of the human race are—in their capacity for observation—closely allied to the brute creation. The man who says, "*I will not believe unless I can see, hear and handle,*" clearly reveals the low degree of his mental development and moral life. Unconsciously he assumes his appropriate place on the low level of physical perception and animal instinct. The man who announces his readiness to believe *when his reason is convinced*, rises to the more exalted plane of intellectual perception and activity. But only the man who—in addition to a rational conviction—requires the con-

* Experimental Spiritism : Book on Mediums ; or, Guide for Mediums and Invocators ; containing the Special Instruction of the Spirits on the Theory of all kinds of Manifestations ; the means of communicating with the Invisible World ; the Development of Mediumship ; the Difficulties and the Dangers that are to be encountered in the Practice of Spiritism : by Allan Kardec. Translated by Mrs. Emma A. Wood. Boston : Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, 1874.

cence of intuition and the light of his inner consciousness, furnishes the demonstration that he has fairly risen to the superior dignity of his spiritual manhood.

In the investigation of Spiritualism the people who live on the first or lowest plane of intelligence must inevitably grope in darkness, and for this reason they are constantly liable to stumble by the way. They are unable either to interpret or comprehend the high and solemn realities of the hidden life. They are chiefly attracted to the subject as a curious exhibition, and can scarcely discriminate between a clever juggler and a good medium. The invisible entities ; the subtle forces and intricate laws, that develop and regulate all the outward effects of inward and spiritual causes, constitute a mystical book, closed and clasped with many seals which they have no power to break. Such people read little and think less ; but they look after the Spiritual Manifestations with the same enthusiasm that children go out to see trained monkeys, or expectant young women to get their fortunes told. Such people certainly need a guide—perhaps they require *a master*. If the uncertain footsteps of early childhood should be wisely directed, it is no less proper to lead feeble minds until they can go alone, and to illuminate their way out of darkness into the light and liberty of clearer views, manly strength and all noble achievements.

Among the foreign authors who have shed a great light on the obscure problems of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the many details of its phenomenal illustrations, ALLAN KARDEC has achieved a wide and lasting preëminence. It is not strange that he has acquired a powerful influence over the Spiritists of Continental Europe ; that he is regarded as the founder of the system, and the recognized master of innumerable disciples. While we have not the least faith in his doctrine of individual reincarnation, we must recognize the great ability of the Author. At all times he approaches the subject with the seriousness that characterizes a truly religious nature, and with the calm deliberation of the moral

philosopher. Among his followers are many enthusiasts who would do well to imitate the independent thought and dispassionate judgment of their master. Had he accepted any man or spirit as an infallible guide and arbitrarily subjected his reason to some human authority, he would neither have developed his own superior faculties, nor acquired this accredited mastery in the realm of ideas. The founders of the different systems of religion and philosophy that have exerted a world-wide influence, were self-reliant and unfettered. They were men of original ideas who fearlessly asserted their independence, and by this noble daring impressed mankind. But their disciples, instead of really imitating the examples of such masters, meanly bow down before the shadow of an illustrious name. It is not the truth they revere ; not a living and present Savior is worshiped ; but sacred memories and effigies of the gods of history.

In the space allotted to this review we can give no adequate idea of the contents of this remarkable book. Allan Kardec was a philosopher of unusual insight, and he touches the subject of this treatise only to illuminate its darkest passages. He is an all-explaining spirit. He anticipates the numerous questions that arise in the mind of every investigator. If he does not always command our acquiescence, his answers, as a rule, are clear, direct and forcible. They are readily comprehended—even by a novitiate—and yet they are often so profound as to satisfy the critical judgment of the enlightened student of spiritual science. The book is a treasury of knowledge and should be generally and carefully read. Its appearance is most opportune, now that the spirit of sober inquiry moves the secular press and is rapidly pervading the entire community. The most experienced observer of Spiritual Phenomena will find in it many suggestions of great practical importance, while we can scarcely estimate its value to those who may be about entering upon the investigation. To all such this work will prove to be a spiritual light-house in the open sea of speculation, reveal-

ing the dangers to which they are exposed, and lighting up the way of safety to a fair haven of spiritual repose.

Now, while we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great minds as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality. The spirit of rational inquiry,—concerning the grand realities of this sublime philosophy, this living faith and spiritual worship—is fast becoming universal. Men no longer approach the subject timidly. Skepticism gives place to a rational conviction. One need not pause to find and to interview the living expounders of Spiritualism; he may pursue the subject at once and find his questions answered in the volume before us. Allan Kardec's Book of Mediums is, on the whole, the best guide-book to be had. Its author walks confidently into Shadow-Land, bearing in his hand a flaming torch to light the way for all who would explore this realm of mystery.

We can not leave this subject without a brief reference to the work of the translator, which is believed to be worthy of the highest commendation. An acquaintance with a foreign tongue, however familiar, is not sufficient to insure a felicitous translation of a book. Very much depends on the general knowledge, mental culture, refined literary taste, and the special acquirements of the translator in the direction of the author's studies. In these respects, Mrs. Wood—who is already most favorably known to the readers of this JOURNAL—possesses unusual qualifications; and we hazard nothing in saying that her services, in this capacity, would be invaluable to any English or American house engaged in the republication of French literature.

Messrs. Colby and Rich have added materially to the attractions of this book, by the accessories of fine tinted paper, beautiful typography, and an elegant binding.

IDEAS OF LIFE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

III.

THE RELIGIOUS IDEA OF LIFE.

BUT in this classification I must not omit those who entertain the idea, that it is only necessary to exercise the *Religious Sentiment*. If one has room for but a single idea, and that is permitted to engross all his faculties and his whole time, he can scarcely adopt one that is fraught with greater danger to the well-being of society than the one under review. Those who cherish this notion certainly have no better conception of the real nature of man, and the true aims of life, than those whose cases we have already considered. Such persons are usually characterized by a kind of imaginary omniscience that precludes the acquisition of knowledge by all ordinary processes. Accordingly, the body and mind are neglected and abused. They observe the laws of Moses—following “*the letter*” with scrupulous exactness to the death—while they violate the laws of their own constitutions. The Religion of such people, instead of being directed by Reason and modified by a proper knowledge of the attributes, relations and duties of man, degenerates into a miserable and degrading superstition. Such men torture their bodies and starve their intellects to save their souls. We find them spiritually lean, dejected, miserable, and barren of all divine gifts, graces and uses. If they are not cold, bigoted, austere, intolerant and vindictive, they are wild enthusiasts whose souls are inflated with a kind of inflammable gas that burns with

a strange unearthly light. With such men faith sustains no relation to science, but it is closely allied to superstition; and the zeal that exhausts the worshiper with its fervor, is "not according to knowledge."

The world has witnessed many—alas, too many!—melancholy illustrations of this mistaken idea of life. Think of the austere manners, the unnatural restraints, the severe modes of discipline, painful rites and gloomy abstractions which have formed the religion of so many men. The notion that the body must be literally crucified and the intellect dwarfed for all time, that the religious element in human nature may have unlimited sway, is absurd and dangerous to the last degree. It impairs all the functions of the body, and renders health and life insecure. It dissipates and deranges the vital forces; it produces physical debility, paralysis, congestion, melancholy, insanity and death; and these evils are transmitted to succeeding generations. The vital elements, the prevailing philosophies, and the practical life of the world, have all been poisoned by pious madmen. Not a few have withdrawn from all civilized society, and spent their lives in caves and mountains, away from the responsibilities and the evils they had not the manhood to meet. It is a morbid alienation of Reason, with a sickly disgust of life and all temporal interests, that leads to these extremes. Neither Nature nor the Divine Wisdom can furnish the incentives to action, when men thus disregard their relations to this life, and treat the gifts of God with pious scorn.

The asceticism that prevailed in the early church, and the corporeal inflictions that men in different ages have voluntarily suffered, witness to us how sadly the noblest powers and privileges may be perverted. Thousands shut themselves up in lonely cells and gloomy caverns, away from the clear light and pure air. It is said that old Roger Bacon lived two years in a hole under a church wall, and at last dug his own grave with his finger-nails; and all

that he might escape from the world and show his supreme contempt of physical suffering. Simeon Stylites, a native of Syria, and celebrated as the pillar-saint—made a martyr of himself by living for thirty-seven long years on top of a pillar, gradually increasing the height of his pedestal as he became lean in body and sublimated in soul. At length, having obtained the elevation—corporeal and spiritual—of some *sixty feet*, he acquired a great reputation as an oracle and became the head of a sect. There may be no more pillar-saints ;—it is to be hoped there are few who live, like church mice, under a wall ; and yet there are many victims of their own melancholy whims—men whose disgust of this laboring world proceeds from a love of indolence, and a disposition to nurse the gloomy phantoms of a disordered imagination.

There is no end to the follies and cruelties which ignorant men have perpetrated in the name of Religion. Not only have they violated the most essential laws of health and life, in themselves, but they have everywhere resisted science, step by step ; they have anathematized the greatest teachers and benefactors of mankind ; they have fostered the foulest superstitions and upheld the despotisms of the world ; they have spurned all Nature as an unholy thing, and made merchandise of our hopes of Heaven. And these things have all been done under the pretense of serving God and saving souls. They indicate that, among the constituents of human nature, the religious element is, perhaps, the most dangerous when not wisely directed ; and that it is alike destructive of physical health, temporal prosperity, and true morality.

I will illustrate the *immoral* tendency of Religion, when misdirected, by a fact which came under my own observation. Two brothers resided in Worcester County, Mass., and were proprietors of adjoining farms. One was a devout member of an orthodox church, and gave much time to

formal prayer and other religious exercises. The other was Deistical in his views, and was called an infidel, notwithstanding he was a worthy and excellent man. On one occasion the pious brother left his large crop of wheat, as it was left by the reapers, and went off to a seven-days' protracted meeting. During his absence a storm commenced, and continued so long that the grain began to vegetate. The entire harvest was destroyed for all ordinary purposes. Before spring that devout saint, being out of wheat, helped himself from his infidel brother's granary without a *quid pro quo*, and without leave or license. He never rendered any equivalent. True, it may be said—if that be any extenuation—that *he only took it from his brother*—it was all in the family; but I submit, that the church member's religion was destructive of his morality.

The spirit of the opposition to Nature and Science which characterized the blind religionists of past ages, finds an amusing illustration in the conduct of Pope Callixtus. About the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Turkish arms had just reduced the great empire, the comet of 1456 made its appearance, and by its long train spread consternation through all Europe. It was supposed that it might have some mysterious connection with the Turks; and the idea widely prevailed that comets were ominous of war, pestilence, famine and other great disasters. The occasion seemed to call on the Pope for some signal demonstration of his power and devotion. Accordingly, a special religious service was decreed, in which his Holiness damned the Turks and the comet. Since that event we have repeatedly heard of the Turks, but the comet doubtless keeps at a prudent distance from the seat of Papal authority.

That we cannot safely depend on this principle alone—the religious element in human nature—to regulate the conduct of men, must be obvious to all persons who have looked into the religious history of the world. Wherever

the reasoning faculties have not been developed by suitable mental culture and discipline, the religious sentiment has usually coöperated with the baser passions and become the scourge of mankind. The practice of sacrificing human beings to propitiate the favor of the gods, originated in this union of the religious principle with the baser propensities. The history of many nations is deeply stained with the evidence on this point. It was the custom of the Romans, for a long time, to sacrifice many of their prisoners of war. Cæsar, on one occasion, offered three hundred men. The Gauls also reared their altars for human sacrifices, and amid the gloom of the old forests the Druidical priesthood performed the bloody rite. To turn the tide of victory in their favor, the Carthageneans, after being defeated in battle, seized two hundred children of the noblest families and put them to death. At the consecration of the great temple of Mexico, it is recorded that the reigning King sacrificed more than sixty thousand prisoners ; and the royal Montezumá, though surrounded by many of the arts of refined life, was accustomed to make an annual offering of twenty thousand men to the Sun. Nor are these cruelties all thus far removed in respect to time. The wail of expiring humanity comes up from the islands of the South Sea, and the Pacific Ocean ; it rises from the burning sands of Central Africa, from the temple of India's great idol, and from beneath the wheels of his ponderous car. We might summon a cloud of witnesses that no man could number, whose experience illustrates the dangerous tendencies of the Religious Sentiment when not directed by Reason. We might invoke the shades of thirty thousand widows who annually expired on the funeral pyre ; call up the infant spirits from the Ganges, and the tender babes that perished in the burning arms of the Phœnician Moloch. The ghastly witnesses come by thousands—all bloody and mutilated—from the dungeons and racks of the Inquisition ; from the tragic scenes of St. Bartholomew's Day ; and from all the

battle-fields of the Crusaders, to admonish us that mental culture, and the exercise of enlightened reason, as well as a fervent spirit of devotion, are necessary to save the world.

IV.

THE HARMONIC IDEA OF LIFE.

Finally, what is the true idea of life? This is a question of great interest and magnitude, but in this connection it must be briefly answered. Those who are acquainted with the philosophy of motion know very well, that if two or more opposite equal forces are brought to bear on the same object, the body thus acted upon will preserve its position. But if these forces be *unequal*—if one be stronger than its opposite, by any appreciable degree—the body will of necessity be moved out of its place. The planets pursue their courses, and the sublime order of the Universe is secured by opposite forces in equilibrium. A similar law governs the human world and all objects that are subject to the action of moral forces. Man is not controlled by a single impulse. There are opposite forces in his constitution, and these must be nicely balanced to preserve the essential rectitude of his life. When this condition is wanting the moral equilibrium is disturbed, and there can be no true happiness for man. Paul discovered that when “the law of his members” obtained a temporary advantage, he was forced out of his moral orbit and “led into captivity.” Thus, in proportion as any one of these integral elements or faculties of human nature acquires an undue ascendancy over the man, it determines his moral inclination, influences all his thoughts and deeds, and, in some sense, fixes his earthly destiny. It is obvious that for every faculty, affection, passion and appetite, there is an appropriate exercise and a divine use. Each has necessary stimulants, natural restraints, and proper limitations. In order to produce organic harmony, all the faculties must exist

and have their normal action. The corporeal instrument through which each is manifested, in the vital, sensorial, mental and moral functions of our being, must be perfected.

We require new, more comprehensive and perfect modes of physical exercise, intellectual culture, and moral discipline than have yet been comprehended in the institutions of the world. The existing customs of society ; our imperfect system of education (it only aims to develop the particular class of faculties which qualify the individual for his specific avocation) and, indeed, our whole manner of life —*all* contribute to interrupt the organic harmony, while they fail to indemnify humanity for so great a sacrifice. We want a great Normal University, wherein all the slumbering powers of the young mind and heart may be aroused and developed by appropriate incentives and exercises. The organic defects of childhood must be repaired, removed, or, what is better, *prevented* ; and the whole being, physical, mental and spiritual, rounded up into the symmetrical proportions of a perfected Manhood. This is surely possible, or the great Prophets and Poets of all ages were utopian enthusiasts, and the common Humanity a melancholy failure.

It is only by a wise reference to the great law of Harmony, in all things, that we can rationally hope to realize the Divine Order among men, and the consequent reign of "Peace on Earth." That sublime estate may be near us all, in one sense, and yet I am painfully reminded that in another and more vital sense, it may be afar off, and invisible, even from the other side of Jordan. Death reigns over the carnally-minded everywhere. Only the pure and divinely-illuminated souls see divine things, and rest together in heavenly places. Not until we give earnest heed to our manner of life ; not, indeed, until we learn to translate the Divine law into the language of feeling, thought, and action, can we realize "the desire of all nations." Not till then will the all-sufficient Redeemer come to our wait-

ing souls. We may as well expect organic perfection and physical strength from an occasional fit of the ague, or from a nightmare, as to depend on a periodical spasm of the emotional nature to translate the world. Lunatics have no special power to bring the New Jerusalem down to earth. Heaven is never to be found in the fever that consumes the tissues, and the frenzy that burns in the brain, and maddens the soul. Nor is salvation made secure to those who are only—

“Chilled by a cold abnormal piety.”

The world is peopled in part by mere automats in human form, whose line of life is cast in a narrow groove. They move mechanically, and with great apparent circumspection. They go straight on, without turning either to the right or left, because they are in a deep rut, and have not the energy to get out. Great sinners are always people of undoubted spirit. It requires some voluntary effort to commit a great wrong, and many cheap transgressors only fall short in this line because they are unequal to the task. If, then, the vices of such people are not at all conspicuous, it may be for the very reason that they are too indolent to break the commandments. There are no discords in the realms of silence, and peace is sure to reign when all action is suspended. But it is not the soulless harmony of sluggishness and death that is to realize the true idea of Life. It is the grand

“Harmony not understood,”

of pure emotions, of great thoughts, liberal purposes and noble deeds, for which we strive and wait. This is the salvation we must work out for ourselves. The occasion demands not self-denial alone, but industry as well. The proper aims and honorable ends of life are never in the track of the man who ignobly shrinks from present responsibilities. The highest objects of human existence are not to

be secured by neglecting present duties and our relations to this world. On the contrary, we must preserve our earthly connections unbroken and unimpaired. The tree springs up from the region of silence and darkness, and its roots take hold of the solid earth; but its branches wave gracefully in the ether, while its fruits ripen in the full glory of the sunshine. In like manner our growth must be normal on every plane of life, and we must root while we aspire.

The true dignity of manhood does not consist in merely standing upright; it does not depend on our being clothed with buckram; nor yet on the constant preservation of one's equilibrium. If we have so broad a base, so many unyielding supports without, and are so completely self-centered within that we cannot fall, there is surely no merit in standing. The storms do not shake the pyramids, and our equipoise may be a moral necessity. True morality never did, and never can rest on the cold, unyielding basis of physical and moral insensibility. There are men so dead to true human feeling that they come not within the sphere of temptation. Their purity may be measured by the thermometrical scale. There is no hot blood in their veins—no inflammation of the mind—no unconquerable passion of the heart. Of course such natures stand erect—on their sense of propriety—as do marble statues on their pedestals. But there is neither grace, dignity, nor virtue in their rectitude. A mere gate-post may stand still in a perpendicular position, because it is so firmly set in common earth that it cannot tip over. The town-pump is not flexible and will not bend when the wind blows. And are there not human beings who, in respect to sensibility and passion, may be compared to inanimate objects? The stoic who has smothered his natural instincts is no longer a man. The hoary ascetic who has outlived his passions may rejoice in his rectitude; but he has no moral character. Morality is only predictable of natures that have been tried and have triumphed. The woman who was once firm in the hour of

temptation may be more deserving than the whole school of Zeno. The man who has conquered a single strong appetite—has become master of a ruling passion—is crowned with a glory that forever outshines the frigid and passionless purity of the great congregation of self-emasculated saints.

Icebergs are pure, but they are cold ; the marbles of the Parthenon are chaste, but they are passionless ; and beings in human shape may be clear as rock cyrstal and as impenetrable. The flowers bloom in all mild and sunny climes ; but the Simoon sweeps over the desert sands, and its hot breath consumes the scanty herbage. In like manner the higher graces and nobler virtues flourish in living beauty, in temperate and well-balanced souls. Some people stand up as firmly as Egyptian obelisks, and for similar reasons. Others, in the moral relation, have a natural tendency to horizontal instead of perpendicular. There may be as little personal merit in the one case as the other. Mere immobility is not an evidence of true human greatness ; if it were so, even granite blocks might take the palm from demi-gods. Pompey's statue stood firmly on its base in Rome when great Cæsar fell. It requires more power to recover one's equilibrium when once it is lost, than to preserve it when it already exists ; and hence the man who falls and rises again may possibly be greater, in his day, than he who has never fallen.

It is not the present fitful experience of mortals, but the deliberate purpose and the ultimate issues of human life that must determine the essential character. Had the Lucifer of the Poets risen from his bottomless perdition, he would have demonstrated the true nobility of his nature. And the fabled "Angels that kept not their first estate"—had they been represented as coming up out of the pit, renewed and glorified by the force of a moral conviction and the exercise of a resolute will, they, too, would have illustrated the latent divine power of reformation in the fallen ;

and thus rendered the whole conception truly sublime. To comprehend the beauty and glory of a great moral character we must conceive of a nature whose sensibilities are all quick and unimpaired. It must be one in whom the animal instincts have their proper place and normal exercise. His nature must be sensitive to the influences of both good and evil, as the needle is to the magnet. He must realize the full force of the passions in their imperative demands. The unquenchable fires must be aglow in his heart ; the subtle currents of nervous power wildly play over every smitten fiber, and the arterial tides flow so impetuously as to crimson the warm flesh. When the tempter comes in the most seductive shape--comes to try and prove such a man--the ordeal must awaken both hope and apprehension. If he rises above the circumstances that threaten his overthrow ; if he stands erect in the supreme majesty of his moral individuality, he compels us to recognize the—

“Divinity that shapes our ends.”

If the inhabitants of the Celestial Paradise are above all moral imperfections ; if they are forever beyond the reach of temptation, and, therefore, cannot fall from their sublime estate ; they can, after all, present no grander spectacle for the contemplation of men and angels than the revelation of a perfect manhood on earth. When a poor mortal nobly rises above his accidents, and—like a mountain in his firmness—stands secure where the wildest elements of ungovernable and delirious passion break over, beneath, and around him ; when midnight darkness falls on his path, whom dire disaster—

“Followed fast and followed faster”—

when he is not dismayed by the gloom and desolation that enshroud the momentous issues of life—even as the mantle of the tempest covers the thunder-smitten pinnacles—we need look no further for a crowning illustration of true hero-

ism and moral greatness. Such a triumph over weakness, indolence and passion, is the greatest of all heroic achievements. This victory is comprehended in the sublime possibilities of human existence. This immortal strength, this Godlike elevation of soul and life are surely attainable, or the Prophet-bards of all ages have prophesied in vain.

The present system of education stands in the way of the true Idea of Life. Men have a particular training in their youth, designed to qualify them for specific duties and pursuits. This special education too often involves the sacrifice of individual harmony. I will briefly illustrate its effects. The education of the Lawyer naturally quickens his wits ; it renders him prolific of cunning devices, and may, possibly, lead him at last to a willing vindication of injustice and crime. The Clergyman is qualified to dogmatize, and often airs his reverence, and his creed, when he should be exercising his reason and studying the last record of scientific discovery. He limits the Divine forgiveness to the brief period of this mortal life. Ephemeral indeed ! since "all flesh is grass"—but he claims the eternal years as the opportunity to

—“ Deal damnation round the land.”

This special education of the parson sometimes makes him more familiar with his infernal pyrotechnics than with the poor of the parish. The educational course of the financier strengthens his acquisitiveness at the expense of his benevolence. The lust of gain too often makes him a sharper, whom honest men learn to fear. The fashionable training for Ladies fits them for the purposes of an ostentatious exhibition, in which fine clothes and jewelry have precedence over womanhood. The training of the athlete often degenerates into the spirit and practice of brutality ; while the discipline that fails to develop the individual power of self-reliance makes men mere paupers and vampires. Thus the growth of human nature is rendered abnormal. By

these processes the vital forces are unequally distributed. Certain faculties are pushed out into disproportionate and eccentric developments. And thus the symmetry of human nature and the harmony of our social life are rendered either uncertain or impossible.

What, then, is the true Idea of Life? This is my answer: THE HARMONIOUS BLENDING AND NATURAL EXERCISE OF ALL THE ELEMENTS AND FACULTIES OF HUMAN NATURE IN THE CHARACTER AND LIFE OF A COMPLETE MANHOOD. We must discipline and develop *the whole man*, corporeal, mental and spiritual. Equalize the forces and faculties of human nature and you will harmonize the organic functions and the outward life.

“It is not all of life to live.”

The true life comprehends far more than the mere facts of vital motion and sensation. It embraces immortal issues and infinite realities—reaching outward through all spheres of being, and inward to the great Spirit whose center is everywhere. The true life of man will be realized on earth when his nature and relations are harmonized. Such a life would realize the Christian’s prayer for the establishment of a Divine Kingdom, wherein Man, like a sweet-toned lyre—swept by every wind of life—would fill Earth with the music of Heaven.

I have thus exposed the fundamental errors involved in the physical, intellectual and religious conceptions of human nature and human life. They are equally founded in ignorance of what constitutes a true Manhood. And now, at last, you have—as clearly defined as my limits will allow—the Harmonic conception—the speaker’s Idea of the True Life. Live, then, O, Live!—not for any one object, but for all the great interests of the Present and the Future. It may be the work of many centuries, but sooner or later Man must translate the Celestial Harmonies by giving them suitable expression in his actual life on earth. If the Infi-

nite Spirit is immanent in his rational offspring, the Human Will may command the forces of Nature. And if you summon the "invisible powers of the air," they may answer your invocation. The power of subtile principles and the offices of divine ministers shall lift the world from the dark abyss. Thus the human Race will yet rise out of the tumultuous sea of its infirmities. Standing, at last, on the everlasting Rock, the Grand Man will tower away into the moral heavens like a shaft of burnished light; and the uplifted elements of moral discord and mortal strife will subside beneath the glory of his smile.

"Then shall the reign of Truth commence on Earth,
And, starting fresh as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new Spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.'



SONG OF THE WEST WIND.

BY JENNIE LEE.

WHERE the blooming prairie broadens,
Where the tall Sierra stands,
And the "Star of Empire," westward,
Shines o'er unshorn forest lands,
And the notes of Progress, ringing,
Echo to the ax's swinging,

We have wandered, O Æolus,
Gathering tithes of all for thee;
There the human step is forward
And the human soul is free,
And no pale *memento mori*
Dims the light, or mars the story.

Not of tombs, or crumbling rock-work
Wrought in pyramid or wall,

Not the Sphynx's storied silence
Sing we, or of Statue tall ;
But of Mind the loftiest arches,
And of Life the grandest marches.

There the Rivers to the Oceans,
Flowing East, and flowing West,
Bind, with zones of liquid silver,
Fair Columbia's virgin breast,
And the common-place and Real
Dim the loftiest Ideal.

Lakes that shine like emerald basins,
Swelling into lordly seas,
Their broad bosoms, stretching inland,
Carry Commerce on the breeze ;
And Mountains, mothers of the River,
Arm with lightnings the Cloud's quiver.

Doubt not of the fabled Titans,
Though their piles climbed up to Heaven ;
For a genius full as potent
To this people has been given ;
And in spite of Despots' croaking,
Still new power they are evoking.

Given but the sounding ax-call,
And the obedient Woods retire ;
While the lonely Wonder-Worker
Muses by his pilgrim fire,
Coming cities march before him,
Ere the needful sleep steals o'er him.

He shall rise and sow them broadcast,
North and South, and East and West,
Till the broad and barring Oceans
May compel him into rest ;
Prompt at his call, Art, Science, spring,
And Freedom soars on bolder wing.

We have laughed with Minniehaha,
Resting by the gentle stream,
While the Indian maiden's spirit
Whispered softly in our dream.
There we slept, meanwhile the noon-beams
Had been gliding into moon-beams.

Paint the glorious Water-Thunder,*
Ye who dare to think, or speak,
In the presence of his grandeur—
Thoughts are feeble—words are weak—
Foaming, whirling, roaring, dashing,
Till the very Rocks seem crashing.

We have twined into his foam-wreath
Plumes of spotless, liquid snow,
Ere we rushed, with maddening pleasure,
O'er the awful verge below :
Silent we stand amid the roaring,
That from the World's heart seems outpouring.

In the torrent-curtained cavern
Where the sparry waters flow,
We have lingered until Evening
Kissed the lovely Lunar Bow—
And the Day's dazzling splendor shone,
Vailed with softness not its own.

Holding then our journey southward,
We have blessed the Land of Penn,
Lingered by that humble portal,
Where the Equal Rights of Men
Taught inspired, immortal Sages—
Grandest truth of all the ages.

On the Rock of proud old Plymouth
We have swept the Pilgrims' path,
Leading through the frowning forest,
When they fled the Bigot's wrath—

Seas behind, strange lands before them—
Wintry skies and wild woods o'er them.

Still the Pines were singing anthems
By that rough and rock-bound shore,
While the booming waves responded,
Answering as they did of yore—
When, kneeling on the frozen sod,
The exiles worshiped, praising God.

To the Land of Roger Williams
Where the Wampanoag fell,
And royally old Narragansett†
Still rings out the Sachem's knell,
We have lingered, breathing there
Songs of freedom in the air.

Hurrying o'er the Plain of Seekonk,
Still we held a listening ear
For there came from o'er the water,
Echoes of the old "What Cheer," †
When the Indian brother, blest,
Gave our Founder place of rest.

Course we up the broad Pacific,
Where young California waits,
And the guardians of her treasure
Stand ajar the Golden Gates,
As we enter, with a whisk, O,
The sunny Bay of San Francisco.

Here we pause, oppressed with wonder,
Almost doubting what appears
In this large and piling city,
Numbering scarce a score of years,
Yet mature of look and bearing—
Precocious beyond all comparing.

Sweeping round the fair horizon
We have stirred the fleecy fold,
Of the mist-wreaths, rainbow-tinted,
Which her matchless hills enfold—
New lights and shadows coming, going,
From their airy scrolls outflowing.

In the vale of Mariposa
Where the Forest Giants stand,
Stretching upward unto Heaven—
Wonders of this wondrous land—
We have heard the whispers solemn
Of each broad and sky-kissed column.

We have seen the Wife and Husband§
Ages still more closely wed,
And we kissed the Forest Beauty,
Bowing her coquettish head ;
Hovering sadly, tears we gather
Round the fallen Forest Father.

With ancient Greece this life coëval,
Through unknown ages flows,
Ere from the clasping waves of Tiber
Young Romulus arose,
And on the Palatine's proud dome,
Planted thy walls, Imperial Rome.

In thy caverns, Calaveras,
We have heard the numbers grand,
Where, in deep and solemn music,
Sings the Water to the Land,
And along thy rock-built ridges
Tried to shake the granite bridges.

In thy vale, Yosemite,
Mid the roaring torrent-band

Won with Beauty, awed by Grandeur,
 Silent and abashed we stand,
 Where thy fair flood, far and high,
 Seems outpouring from the sky.

Feathery mists and folding fleeces
 In thy robe of beauty bound,
 Iri sed with the hues of Heaven,
 With a golden girdle bound,
 Make the old rocks light and airy
 As the palaces of Faëry.

From the face of young Pohono||
 We have swept the bridal vail,
 And the Indian maiden's shadow
 Passed before us, fair and pale,
 Watching, ere we wander far,
 If we kiss sweet Ah-wi-yah. ¶

But the Iron Horse is snorting,
 And his stubborn neck is bowed,
 To the bit and curb obedient,
 By a conquest high and proud—
 Over the pine-robed mountains speed we ;
 Neither time nor distance heed we.

Girdled with magnetic iron,
 Brother Oceans now are bound,
 And Atlantic to Pacific
 Sends the brimming love-pledge round ;
 And the youthful Occidental
 Neighbors the old Oriental.

Noble work ! to noble uses
 Let thy power be consecrate !
 Ever forward !—ever upward !
 To the crown of Man's estate,
 And the highest freedom human
 Consecrates the name of Woman.

Through the Devil's Gorge we're rushing ;
Whisper softly, brothers, when
Close around us may be lurking
The old Enemy of Men ;
But of Satan do we reck, O,
In the lovely vale of Echo ?

Greet we now the fair Wyoming
Youngest of the starry band,
Brightest of the constellation
That shines o'er this lordly land.
For **FULL FREEDOM**, form and spirit,
All her children now inherit.

Who can tell the glorious Future
That from this one act shall flow ;
Outward from this humble center
Broadening, world-wide circles grow,
Bearing Plenty, Peace and Blessing—
EQUAL FREEDOM all possessing.

Thou, bright new Star, look forth and guide us
To thy manger's grassy fold, **
Whence the new-born Legislation
Now comes forth, elate and bold ;
With Freedom's cap and Woman's gown,
O, she shall win, and wear the crown.

From the Salt Lake's rank corruption
Haste we with a stifled breath
Where the pestilential Mormon
Taints the atmosphere with death—
Over the sterile plains afar,
To the fertile fields of Omaha.

But home voices now are calling,
From beyond the ocean wide ;

In our haste, O, great *Æolus*!
 We have lashed the foaming tide;
 Thus we bear, exultant, free—
 Love and loyalty to thee.

NOTES TO SONG OF THE WEST WIND.

* Niagara is an Indian word, that signifies “Water-Thunder.”

† Mount Hope—a beautiful highland that juts into Narragansett Bay—was the royal seat of King Philip, Chief of the Wampanoags.

‡ Soon after Roger Williams, the venerated Founder of Rhode Island, had settled in the domain of the Plymouth Colony, they began to persecute him for his religious opinions, until his life became endangered. At this juncture he relates that an angel of the Lord appeared to him and told him to remove from the precincts of the Colony. In obedience to the voice, he, with his family, braved the terrors of winter in an unknown wilderness until, coming to the Plain of Seekonk, he there rested. But the angel appeared again and told him that he was still within the territory of his enemies, and bade him arise and cross the stream that lay before his door, and not to stop until he should hear the salutation of “Netop, what cheer?”—that is, “Brother, what cheer?”—a common form of salutation among the Narragansetts, and that there he should rest, and theré he should abide. He obeyed, and lo! a noble-looking chief came down the hill-side, and standing on a point of rock, gave the promised signal, when Williams, doubting nothing, came to land, with his family and effects. And because he had been so obviously led by a Divine power, he named his new home Providence; and there he dwelt all his natural life, undisturbed, and on terms of the most intimate friendship with the Indian Chiefs and their people. The rock where the Chief stood is known as “What Cheer Rock”—to this day.

§ The names of Trees.

|| The Pohono Fall is also called The Bridal Vail.

¶ A lovely little lake.

* * The Christ power is always born in a manger.



ANCIENT WONDERWORKERS.—The wonders of Moses were duplicated, with some exceptions, by the Egyptian magicians. They tracked him so closely for a while, in the production of his so-called miracles, that the Jewish law-giver had but a small margin in his favor, and his claims to superiority appear to have been advocated with more than his usual modesty.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

SOCRATES said to Alcibiades, "You will yet find, in our time, a multitude of people who will request of God real evils, while they think they are asking real goods." What was true in Athens is true in America. A multitude of men and women are asking, as a good, that the direst evil, among those that have oppressed the nations, shall continue to be cherished at the heart of this Republic. This evil has been rightly named the "subjection of women."

Many deceive themselves with the supposition that opposition to the ballot for woman is not advocacy of her subordination. They claim that her sphere should be broadened by education, that she should enjoy the benefits of the government, and stand on a level with man before the law, but object to her enfranchisement. It is strange that any who have studied the theory of a representative government can be so self-blinded and illogical. The ballot is the only safeguard of personal, legal, and civil rights. It is useless to talk of an equal career for any class that is bereft of the primary right of citizenship. That which is the test and guarantee of equality, and the bulwark of individual liberty, must be in the hands of every member of a commonwealth, or it ceases to be a republic. As long as a portion of the people are governed without their own consent, they are subjects, and the other portion, the free or self-governed class, act the part of rulers, more or less despotic according to the status of their civilization. To advocate educational, social, and legal justice for woman, and yet disclaim her right to the elective franchise, is to attempt to build a fair

and lofty edifice without laying the foundation stones. To favor the emancipation of woman from false conditions and underlying wrongs, and still leave her powerless to secure self-justice by that legitimate expression of her will, signified by the ballot, is but to lop off the outer branches of the tree of evil while the root and body remain untouched.

The right of self-government for all men was the ideal aimed at in this latest and greatest experiment of political genius, our young Republic. If women were omitted in the thought of the Revolutionary fathers, it must have been but an oversight, and owing to the immense burdens of the hour. Men in whose breasts were born anew the eternal principles of right, and who could hurl at an astonished world the defiant thunderbolts of outraged justice, knew too well the tenure of their lofty claim to exclude from it one half the human race. The hour approaches for the full application of their sublime affirmations. Some time since, the dusky sons of Africa marched through our streets to celebrate that grandest act of political justice the world has yet performed, the enfranchisement of the race. In an earlier age, Grecian and Roman generals were wont to return from fields of carnage and conquest leading, in triumphal procession, troops of trembling captives from freedom into bondage. Here the spirit of liberty came back from "the bivouac's fitful flame," leading a victim host from bondage into freedom. As they defiled, with steady and solemn tread, to the sound of music and the waving of banners, in this triumphal procession, there passed like a swift vision before the prophetic soul a foregleam of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth the righteousness of enfranchised and ennobled womanhood. Blind eyes see, dumb voices speak, deaf ears hear; and for those who have brooded sadly over unredressed wrongs, for mothers who live the ignoble lives of subjects under the sway of their sons, for women held inferior to men of every rank, and forced to submit to unrighteous laws which they have no

power to change, the word of justice has gone forth and will not return void.

There is one objection to woman suffrage deeply imbedded in the popular mind, so subtle as to be almost undefinable, and yet so strong as to create a wide-spread and intense repugnance to the idea. It is planted in feeling rather than judgment, and the rodomontades which it inspires can be met by no appeal to the reasoning faculty. This feeling is that the peculiar charm of woman's nature would be marred or destroyed by her participation in public duties ; that the *poetry* of her being, that which one "feels in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the luster of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes," would be lost to the world of sentiment if her gentle hand were to lay hold of the enginery of government. Many women as well as men feel that this would be unseemly, and lend a willing ear to public teachers who proclaim, as did Adolph L. Sanger, in 1870, at the Columbia College Law School Commencement, that woman's only holy trust is "the care and custody of a man's household, her sweet companionship in the rough struggles of life, the rearing and education of his children, her immeasurable sway over his affections, and her absolute power to influence and control his domestic happiness."

This gloss of poetic imagery hides an intense selfishness beneath its folds, that is no more lovely to the sight than was the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." Within the glitter of gilded speech is sheathed the same spirit of domination that impelled these blunt Anglo-Saxon words from a rough lawyer's lips, at a late disgraceful trial in New York :—"As I understand, the law of our Bible is this : that man was made for God, and woman for man." This is simply a bald and repulsive statement of a barbaric theory that has ruled the world. It has been so emphasized in literature, and by the schools, and by press and pulpit, that even the classen-

slaved by it has been led to accept it. Kate, in obedience to her wedded master, Petruchio, said to her fellow-slave,

“Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ;”

and too many modern ladies blindly consent to that despotic and degrading formula. And they consent to it because their entire education leads them to adopt the error that it is indelicate and unbecoming for a woman to be a self-reliant and self-directed being. Meek submission and clinging dependence are held up as among her greatest charms, and the innocence of ignorance as one of her chief attractions. “The perfection of a woman’s character,” says one, “is to be characterless ;” and the amiable weaknesses that attend this beatific state are borne with, while youth and beauty last, as we bear with the unconscious freaks of childhood. So absolute has been the demand of society that its daughters should be pretty nothings, that it was for a long time not uncommon in the learned circles of the Old World for gifted women to affect ignorance, in order to secure and retain the good opinion of the dominant class. The ridicule of wits and the coarse sneers of the populace led them to avoid the contemptuous *sobriquet* of “blue-stocking” by the concealment of their gifts. Even Madame De Stael, in her early girlhood, was rebuked by her fond father, M. Necker, for attention to literature, and she accordingly practised hiding all traces of brain-work whenever he was expected home. “Airy, fairy Lilian,” and “Dora, the child-wife,” have captivated the poetic imagination, and all the charms of rhetoric have been employed to ally lovely helplessness and graceful incapacity with womanhood.

Hence it is easy to account for the fact that many women are opposed to woman suffrage. It is to their view unromantic. They fear that it is outside of feminine propriety. It offends their taste. Their “ideas of what an elegant and refined lady should be are too exalted” to permit so vigor-

ous a thought of justice to cross the brain as that of universal freedom. It will detract from the *delicatesse* in which they have been nurtured. It will be shocking to the sensibilities of "grave and reverend seigniors" whose approbation they crave. It will unsettle the security of their position in society. It will be thought graceless, immodest, and unwomanly for them to favor woman suffrage. These considerations, more than any question of right or wrong in the matter, have great weight with those who have been educated according to the popular standards, and who attune their little lives to the popular methods. A larger outlook will show them that whenever woman has nobly assumed unusual duties and responsibilities, she has become not less but more beautiful in her womanly character. Mary Patton safely steered her invalid husband's ship across the mighty seas in obedience to holiest affection; and Margaret Fuller's great heart beat with purest and tenderest love for parents, brother, sister, husband and child, during her massive life-work in two hemispheres. Graceful, radiant Madame Recamier gathered about her the poets, literati, statesmen, and conquerors of Europe, and the nameless charm of her presence was doubly enhanced by her public spirit, apt discourse, and wise counsel. In like manner, when the hour comes for woman to assume her political rights and duties, she will enter upon the path of true womanly development.

As her thought widens with the widening vista, the currents of a new and greater life will quicken her veins. The vast possibilities which lie in her pathway will rise up gradually before her awakened vision, and, casting off the bondage of conformity and the weakness of self-distrust, she will begin to live the true, full, noble life of which the Supreme Spirit has made her capable.

If in her narrow and slavish state she has been lovely and beloved, much more in the fullness of her stature will the benign and attractive qualities of her nature shine forth. If the homes of the past have been blessed by her presence

and ministrations while so dwarfed and fettered, how sacred will be the homes of the future when woman, clothed upon with the joy of freedom, the strength of intelligence, and the beauty of holiness shall become their guardian and queen.

THE SUBTILTIES OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

NOT best with speaking lip, or soulful eye,
Reach we the real lives of those most dear ;
But by the force of some sweet mystery,
Potent, but vague, in the soul's atmosphere.

This magic power stops not to measure space,
But conquers distance like an angel free ;
We feel a presence, sense a shadowy face,
And know a soul bears our soul company.

I do believe these longings reach as far
As Paradise, and woo the sainted dead
From holier ways to where we groping are,
With lonesome hearts, and sad prayers all unsaid.

Believing this, I fain would do my best
In righteous living, making small complaint
To mar the sweetness of their sacred rest,
Who can but sorrow when we moan and faint.

For their dear sakes, and for my earthly friends
Whom I do light or shadow, unawares,
My life shall never sink to sordid ends,
Nor make one soul who loves me grow less fair.

So bid me welcome when with noiseless feet
I tread the flowery meadows of your thought,
For only what is white, and pure, and sweet,
Shall be by me upon your being wrought.

THE ORIGIN OF SPIRIT.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Spiritual Philosophy has not met with a perfectly harmonious growth. In most of its fundamental principles there is an astonishing unity. Whether the spirit-power writes crude and ungrammatical sentences with a piece of charcoal, on a pine board in the wilderness of the North-West, or rhetorical paragraphs on scented note in the homes of Eastern opulence ; from the New World of its birth, over all Europe and remotest Asia, in a hundred dialects, to the antipodes in Australia and New Zealand, its utterance is the same. In this is indicated its super-mortal origin, and that the power behind the conflicting phenomena,—which, like the flood-tide, underlies the innumerable surface-waves,—is of the Spirit World.

American Spiritualism may be regarded as a unit. It stands, and has ever stood, on a broad, rationalistic and scientific basis. But in Europe, especially in France, a different direction has been given to its investigation, and the result is an antagonism in the first proposition of spiritual science, which stands to-day as its most anomalous feature. If American Spiritualism leaves in abeyance the primary problem of the origin of spirit, the Kardec school, cut the Gordian knot by claiming that the human spirit has existed for the preceding eternity as it is to exist for the succeeding. It is a fragment of the Divine, and is eternal by its constitution. This view seems peculiarly pleasing to the Celtic race. France and Spain are its strongholds, and their dependencies in South and Central America, and Mexico, have received unquestioningly this doctrine. It re-

quires no scientific knowledge or training for its reception. It calls to its aid the imagination of metaphysics, and substitutes its conjectures for the more wearisome investigation of facts. It is a theory many thousands of years old, conceived in the very childhood of the Race,—a fact urged in its support, but really opposed; for we may accept this proposition as true: *The older an idea, the greater probability that it is false.*

It is not my purpose to point out the many vital objections to the doctrines of Preëxistence, and its extension in the Kardec theory of reincarnation. The one great objection which renders even allusion to all others unnecessary, is, that it substitutes *Miracle* for *Law*. It is a system of arbitrary dictatorship of a personal God immediately supervising the reincarnation of every individual spirit. In this it is directly opposed to the tendency of scientific thought of the day, and affiliates with the past centuries of theological nightmare and metaphysical dreams.

If there be a spiritual existence, that existence must be evolved and sustained by as fixed and determinate laws as our physical state. It cannot be bestowed; it must be inherent in the constitution of things. But it is objected, if spirit-beings have a beginning, they must have an end: If they are to exist forever in the future, they must have existed through the past eternity. We by no means grant that such is necessarily a correct conclusion, and it is not essential to disprove it, for the existence of man after death as a spirit by no means proves his immortality. At best, it is only inferential evidence. As long as there is not a shadow of proof that the spirit existed before the period of germinal growth, the question, however pleasing to the metaphysical mind, has no place in a positive study of the origin of spirit.

Physically and mentally, man is the culmination of the vast series of organic changes since the dawn of life. Organs faintly shadowed forth in them, or indifferently formed,

in him are perfected, balanced, and brought in harmony with the perfection of others. He thus is the perfected type of the animal world.

But we cannot limit this progress. Having reached its highest point in physical Man, it seeks a new channel through his spiritual nature. In the human form we observe no imperfectly-fashioned or illy-executed functions, prophesying more perfect performance; but in the mental realm we do find this state of things. Compared even with his own ideal, the man of profoundest thought is a child. The possibilities of God are his, and yet he actualizes how little! Nor is it possible for man, in the short space allotted to human life, to do more. Then what is gained by this long and never-remitting progress? What is gained by the mastodon taking the place of the saurians of the primeval slime, or man of the mastodon? If the production of mortal beings is the end, the process would be as perfect at one stage as another. We consider it perfect in proportion as the typical structure is attained, and that structure is one which most completely embodies the possibilities of the elements. Physically considered, man is the nearest approximation to this result. The great plan of creation, as revealed in animal life, comes to fruition in him. He is the result of countless millenniums of evolution.

But this progress must extend further. Having reached its terminus physically, it must take a new direction through man's spiritual being. There has been a continuous evolution from the earliest forms of life to man; and man is the means whereby the possibility of spirit existence is realized. Without this result creation is a failure; and man, with his instinctive longings, his noble aspirations, his infinite capabilities, is the veriest sham blotting the fair face of the world.

Immortality is the result and highest aim of creative energy, admitting of no mistakes. Man's spiritual state must surpass his mortal, which is its prototype—extending

and consummating the mortal life. Whether the separation takes place when drawing the first living breath, or after a full century, cannot have the least influence on the final growth and attainments of the spirit.

As the physical germ is originated and sustained by its parents; its spiritual portion is derived from their spiritual being. The physical and spiritual bodies are subject to a parallel growth, which continues until the death of the physical body breaks the silver cord which unites them.

That this view of the origin of spiritual beings has objections to meet, is not denied; but it must be admitted that it is the only safe ground on which to rest the new science of spirit. Materialists have studied physical matter, scorning the dreams of those who claimed to be Spiritualists. As long as spirit was considered distinct and foreign to matter, nothing accurate could be recorded. If superior to the laws of the world, spiritual science is impossible. Accepting this view, then the theory elaborated by the indefatigable Darwin, and originated by the profound Wallace, becomes the pedestal on which the temple of the New Science is reared, and the wonderful theory of correlation and persistency of force its tower of strength. Every flower that blooms, every insect that crawls, every bird that sings, has a new significance. Its acceptance necessitates a complete change in the nomenclature of Psychology. The New is as positive in its statement of facts as the physical sciences, studying its occult subject in the same critical manner. It frees it from tradition, superstition, and the clouds of ignorance; tears away its habiliments of myths, and although the spot of firm ground remaining is small, it there commences the conquest of the Unknown Spiritual Universe, which permeates, and is the vital reality of the Physical World.

“LAW” AND SPIRITUALISM.

NOVELLAE INSTITUTIONES LEGIS SPIRITUALES.

BY HON. A. G. W. CARTER.

“The LAW, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, plunge into it.”

TIMON OF ATHENS.

“Pity is the virtue of the LAW,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.” *Ibid.*

“The bloody book of LAW
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense.” OTHELLO.

“When every case in LAW is right.” KING LEAR.

IN the first half of the sixth century lived the Emperor JUSTINIAN, of the Roman Empire; and, in his reign, he collected together all the old, and the present prevailing laws of the Empire, into large tomes or volumes of that day, and called them the “Digests,” or “Pandects.” Of course, there being no art of printing, these laws, containing over five hundred decisions or judgments of the wisest and most astute lawyers, were inscribed upon great rolls of parchment, in some fifty books or volumes; and to them the Emperor, by especial decree, gave the full force and authority of laws. These, in this form, and with this binding authority, constituted the first part of the Roman Civil Law. But this was not sufficient for the then conditions, wants and needs of the people. The character of the Roman civilization, whether for the better or the worse, had outgrown many, very many, of the old ways, and old things, and, to suit its present necessities, new laws had to be created and established. The Roman character and civ-

ilization had been much changed by the birth and introduction, and then *political* prevalence of Christianity. The Emperor Constantine had lived two centuries and more, before, and had made the Christian religion the religion of the State—of the Empire. Christ had lived, suffered, and died upon the cross, and the world was much changed. So the Emperor Justinian, in addition to the authoritative establishment of the old, brought his wise men and his best lawyers together in consultation, deliberation and labor, and from them, under his auspices and authority, were established the new laws of the Empire, and these were called “*Novellæ Constitutiones*”—the very new Constitutions or Institutes of the law, and, like the old, were inscribed in numerous parchment volumes, and became the binding laws of the Empire, for the civil government of the people in all their relations, as multitudinous and multifarious as they were. These two—the “*Digests*” or “*Pandects*” and the “*Novellæ Constitutiones, or Institutiones*,” constituted the whole body of the written law of Rome, so far as the civil relations of the Roman people were concerned ; and to this day, curiously enough, constitute the form and body of the Roman Civil Law, which prevails as the law in some of the nations of Europe, and in one or two of the States of our own country, though not so much now as formerly.

At the suggestion of what was involved in the “*Novellæ Constitutiones*” of Rome, I have chosen—so as to better express my meaning—the heading of this article in Latin terms, which literally translated would mean—the New Institutes or Institutions of Law—in relation to Spiritualism, and literally translated would read the *very New Spiritual Institutions of Law* ; and under such terms I seek to view the *re-generation*, and the *re-formation* of the laws of the land, to be produced by the *inflow* of the facts and truths from the Spirit Land—promising nothing, however, but general suggestion and intimation.

In what shall be said I shall use the term “law” in the

sense that we lawyers view it—the law of the land—the law as made and established by men—(for so far, it would sorrily seem, *women have had little or nothing to do with it*)—regarded from a national, state, and municipal standpoint ; in a more general sense the civil and criminal law, both again classified as the common law, and the statute law—*lex non scripta et lex scripta*—the unwritten law and the written law :—the unwritten law first, because it was first, when there was no writing, or no facility for writing, (and is now first in importance though we have writing and printing;) and the written law afterwards, because, in fact, it was afterwards ; when writing was known and became an art and there was facility for using the art, as it is afterwards, too, in importance.

The law as thus defined is said to be founded upon the laws of God and of Nature. This is the claim for it, and perhaps is just, so far as the ignorance and undeveloped conditions of mankind allow or permit it to be so. In the stunted and stinted wisdom of men the laws mean, likely, to follow the laws of Nature and of nature's God ; but if tested by a careful and minute examination—in the expansive illumination of to-day—with a solar, legal microscope, if you please, it will surely be found that the terrible gaps between the written and unwritten laws of man and those of Nature, and the God of nature, are wide, deep and engulfing, notwithstanding poor man has satisfied himself that he has reached a high degree of perfection, and is the “paragon of animals.”—(sic.)

But whatever the laws of men are, whether written or unwritten, generally considered they are *representative* of men, and women, too, in a degree at least as they are ; and it is not vain to say that knowing the laws of any nation, state, tribe or community, we have a knowledge of the people in all views and senses. The laws of nations “hold, as 'twere, the mirror up” to the peoples of the nations, who have them, or who make them. Give me your laws, and I will tell you

what sort and kind of people you are, how you stand in the scale of humanity, and perhaps how you appear before the Eternal Father.

But it is not the limited purpose to view the laws of the many nations of the earth. It is quite enough to do to take a very cursory inner view of the laws of our own land. And we can do this the more fitly, and perhaps acceptably, because our laws—taken as they are in their origin from the mother country; and so improved upon—are, without doubt, the most advanced and perfected of any of those of the nations of the earth, for the simple reason that the people of this country are the most enlightened, taken as a whole, of the peoples of earth; and this, too, said in no boastful or vain-glorious spirit, but because it is fact.

We, then, in this country, have the unwritten law, and the written law for our direction, guidance and control and government in our many and various relations to each and all, and all to each. We have our laws as an integral great nation, and individuals of that nation in our relations to it, and its relations to us; as States, and citizens of States, and our co-relations as members of lesser divisions—counties, cities, towns and villages; and then as men and women of a common brother and sisterhood—in all the boundless, unlimited, and infinitesimal relations to each other, and to all,—these, last of course, comprehending—notwithstanding the greatness and importance of the others—the greatest, most important, and most complex part. All these are controlled, more or less, by law—good or bad, written and unwritten—made by men. But even these do not constitute all of men and women's relations; for from the very creation and constitution of our sacred and divine nature, there are many and intense relations totally unfit for, and uncontrollable by, the law made, or to be made, by men. Over these it is impossible to *make* controlling law. Men's laws fail, where Nature and the Omnipotent must step in and control. In these regards men are vain to attempt control, though

they sometimes do attempt, and as often signally fail. God's justice is not man's justice.

Our great nation—these United States—have for themselves united, a great fundamental law—a Constitution of government—the Constitution of the Union!—and this is *written* in black and white—so that all may look, read and learn and know. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the world, that our Constitution of government was the first *written* fundamental law of the bond or government of a nation, that ever was established. Never before was there a whole *written* Constitution of a government, saying to its rulers—thus far shall you go and no further; and expressing and reserving all other rights and privileges to and for the States and people. This is our national supreme law; and as such it is the representative *massive* justice and legal wisdom of our common country.

Next to and under this, are our State Constitutions—like the mother Constitution, *written*; but none in expression, or reservation, daring in the least, to contravene or evade the supreme law. These are the bonds of union of the governments of the peoples of the different States, in their collective capacities as States; and as such represent the character of the people *en masse*, whom they control and govern. For the most part, in general essentials, these constitutions being born of the supreme Constitution, are alike, and only differ in particulars and details, according as the people of the different States are distinguished from conditions, circumstances and surroundings. All these Constitutions, established and written in black and white, that all may see and understand, like the mother one, fix and secure, and guarantee freedom to the people; in the sense, at least, of free fundamental government. They are all deep enough, wide enough, and broad enough—*free* enough to admit of many changes and much advancement and progress of the people who live under them. They seek not to trammel or constrain the people. They only limit government.

After these fundamental written laws for the people in their national and State collective capacity and capacities, come the written laws of the land as made, established and published under the constitutions, by the Congress, or Legislature of the nation ; and the Legislatures of the different States. And in these laws we see the particular representation of the people as a whole, and of them in their various State lines, so far as written law of the kind can express it. The laws of Congress are for the whole nation, and, therefore, are uniform—however particular they may be—and represent all the people. The laws enacted in the different States—because of the differences in the peoples of the States—are not uniform ; but differ—sometimes essentially and materially—so that it would puzzle more than a “Philadelphia lawyer” to master them. Much trouble, inconvenience, and annoyance are thereby experienced by the people of the nation, in their relations to each other, when citizens or inhabitants of different States ; and there seems to be little or no room for correction of this. So long as the States are States, so long will their Legislatures and their written laws differ ; and that, too, in material and important points. There is this to be said, however, that there has been, and is now, more uniformity in the legislation of the new States—those admitted into the Union since it was formed—than there has been or is in the old States. The new States, indeed, in all regards, are more alike than the old States ; and this, because they began from new and better starting-points. The new States, with no liking or especial regard for the legislation of the old, seem to have begun, for the most part, where the old left off ; and as their people were a newer and fresher people coming together, their laws, with none of the mud and mire, and slime of the old clinging to them, were “*brand-new*”—fresh, vigorous, and advanced. The legislation of the old States seems yet to partake of the mustiness and mildew of their age ; and they cannot rub it off. Take the State of New

religious, moral and intellectual condition of the people. And this, too, is true both of the civil law, and the criminal law, which will grow and improve as the people grow and improve in condition, in religion, in morality, and in intellectuality.

A word here in time, and in connection, for the lawyers of the land ! They are not so bad after all ! They, too—the very worst of them—like the laws of the land are *representative*. They, however, unlike the law, are personal representatives of the people for whom they act in enforcing or not enforcing the law. If there are bad lawyers—and there are plenty of them—it is because there are bad clients, and there are still more of them. Honest clients make honest lawyers ; dishonest clients ensure dishonest lawyers. They are but personal representatives ; if their constituents are knaves, the representatives are knaves ! We may go a step further. The judges of our Courts, too, are personal representatives, and if they are corrupt, it is because of a like constituency. The suggestion may be extended to all other officers having a free people to elect them to positions and places of power. The people make them, and may make them corrupt.

This episodical animadversion, in contemplation of the remedy of this, brings us to the consideration of the chief design and purpose of our essay. Where is the remedy for deficient and imperfect laws, and deficient and imperfect ministers of them ? It is with the people. The people must be improved religiously, morally and intellectually ; and this involves all improvement and advancement. To accomplish this in its highest and best sense—in truth and in fact—a new light, a new sun has already beamed upon us. The sun of the heat and light of another and a better world—the more interior, absolute Spirit World—is shedding its warm and resplendent rays upon us, and we are bidden to look, behold, appreciate, and understand. The inflow of the facts and truths of Spiritualism comes to inspire us, and

to illuminate us, so that we can move and have our being in a higher sphere of existence than ever before ;—a sphere of true life, which commends us to the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God and Nature ; and to the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of men and women—a sphere of Love, brilliantly illumined by the light of Wisdom ; a sphere of Wisdom, warmed and nurtured by the fire of Love.

The relations of law, made by man, to Spiritualism, and of Spiritualism to them, we can now see are of the utmost consequence. From what has been said of the written and the unwritten law—the statute and the common law—in their varied forms and modifications, *all representative*, we are prepared, it is thought, to adopt what may be said of the many and mighty changes to be effected by the inflow among us denizens of earth, of the facts and truths from the Summer Land. Already by the influence of these facts and truths among us, and the development of our better parts, great improvement has taken place in the common law prevailing with us, if not in the statute law—in both, indeed.

But before we touch this, it is not a bold utterance to declare that the very fundamental written law of this great nation has been changed and amended within the past few years, from the influence of the love and light poured in upon us from the inner home of the Spirits. Certainly this has taken place within the time that the Spirits have been pouring from their spheres floods of love and wisdom upon mankind, and particularly upon the people of this country ; and changing their hearts and minds to feel and see, that slavery, so far from being a divine institution fitted for the age in which we live, was a grievous wrong to mankind, and a blight upon the growth of this country. The people were warmed and enlightened by spirit-influence, and slavery was abolished in our land ! Is it too much to say, that the adoption of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution of the United States, in this day and

generation, was occasioned by the rapid progress and development effected in our people, by the abundant revelations from Spirit Land, at the command of Almighty power? It is by no means fancy, it looks like fact; and if fact, what cannot Spiritualism do?

To return to the common law and its improvement by Spiritualism. Look you! For ages upon ages, woman has been held in complete subserviency and subjection to man. Her condition—by the common law of England and of this country, and sometimes a little by statute law—was improved. But mark the wonderful change since Spirits found means to communicate to the inhabitants of earth! Mark the great and wonderful change in this country! If there has been any one mission which Spirits and Spiritualism have been called to perform, it is that of the elevation of women to their true position. The acknowledged advent of Spiritualism was first proclaimed by women; and in the service of the Spirits, they have been the most advanced laborers in the vineyard. Their labors, equal to those of men, called the attention of all to them, and their unequal condition with and before men. In the light of spiritual truth and Spiritualism, it was found that women had been occupying a false and wrong position. The customs of men, now taking the form of common law, began to be more just and even to them, not as women only, but as coequal human beings. The Courts of the land, following the common sentiment of the people, began to interpret and enforce law and laws, more effectually, for them. The common law not going fast enough, because there were so many people to deal with, legislatures and legislation were successfully invoked; and now, on almost every statute-book of every State in the Union, there is some written and published law in favor of the rights of woman, *which was not so before*. There are laws rendering divorce, from the curse of ill-assorted marriage, more easy. There are laws making wives without children, heirs to their husbands (this in my native

State, thank heaven !) There are laws, in many States, making wives independent of their husbands in the sole ownership of their property, real and personal, and permitting them to carry on business in their own names, and on their own responsibility. There are laws in some of the States—my own among the number—giving the right to wives to be declared *femme sole*, as a protection against the prodigality and dissipation of their husbands. There are many other laws, written and unwritten, established by the legislatures and the Courts of the States affording much other protection to person and property of woman: and all this since the sun of Spiritualism began to shine!—all done in the warmth and light of this sun !

But much is yet to be done for woman in this glow and light. The common law and the statute, and the constitutional law—national and State—from the inflow of the principles of the Spirit-world, will yet make her *equal in all respects with man—socially, legally, and politically*. And oh, then, what a great and wonderful change for men and women, and their destiny ! How rapid then, will be the steps of human advancement ! How great will then be the growth of humanity ! What strides will the common law, the statute law, and the constitutional law, then make ! And all because of the inflow of the facts and truths of Spiritualism.

A word or two as to our Criminal Law—its enactments and penalties. In this there has not been so great advance, apparently, as there should have been—keeping pace with other advancements—in the light of Spiritualism. But since the Spirits began numerously to announce and proclaim themselves to the world, there has been progress here. From the benevolent influence of the better world, the minds and hearts of such as can be reached, have been touched upon this subject, and consequences are beginning to flow. The common law crimes, offenses, misdemeanors, punishments and penalties, have been abolished in most all

the States of this Republic long ago, and any such thing as a common law crime is almost unknown. All the criminal procedures, too, are established by statute ; and all this for the better protection of our citizens. We have no crime in law, without a statute definition, and no punishment or penalty without it is prescribed by statute ; and no criminal law of procedure, except in the statute. So that all who commit crime or offense against law in this country, do so with their eyes open at least to the law. It is harder to amend or correct, or improve statute law, than it is the common or unwritten law, and this may be one reason why there is so little comparative improvement in our criminal law. But there is improvement ! And here is a great step, since Spirits began to spiritualize us. Prisoners—men and women—accused of, or indicted for crime—*are permitted to testify in our Courts in their own behalf*, in some of the States, and I am happy to include New York, as well as Ohio, in the list of such States. The common law did not permit them so to do. The common sense of the people of these States, represented in their legislatures, established statute law for this ; and it is an important stride in progress. Again—since the advent of Spiritualism, one or two of our States *have abolished capital punishment* ; and if all the States would imitate the example, great progressive results would follow. The subject is much in thought, and discussion in the illumination of the higher light, and it will not be long before the death penalty, like many other remnants of the barbaric past, will be among the things that were.

The spirit of reform has of late been much directed to the mode and manner of punishing convicts, and, so far, has resulted in material improvements in our prisons, and their conduct ; but what has been done in this direction, is so merely on the verges of real reform that it is unworthy of extended notice. But Spiritualism will one day reform this matter of crime and punishment among men alto-

gether ; and so radically, too, that hardly a vestige of what is, will remain. It means to deal with this subject more deeply and *rootedly* than perhaps any other. Beginning at the very deepest roots, it means to tear up, and eradicate totally, and make men and women begin anew in this regard. Crime, then—as it is now, in the love and light of the Spirit-sphere—*will not be crime*, and there will be *no punishment*. Crime will be a human disease, and human, and humane remedies will be applied to heal and cure. This subject is sufficient for a volume of itself. Suffice it to say, in my limits, that, in the relations of criminal law to Spiritualism, entirely original, and very novel institutes from the suggestion and instruction of the Spirit World, will be made and established—all for the good and benefit of humanity.

Perhaps we have said enough to show what we mean by the terms "*Novellæ Institutiones Legis Spirituales*," though how much farther the subject could be pursued ! We may depend upon it, that if, as is the fact, the laws of men rest for their virtue and efficiency upon the laws of God and of Nature in all its sense—*spiritual* as well as *material*—then SPIRITUALISM is the great light of religion, morality, science and intellectuality that is wanted for this world—in the law as in all else. And when the facts and truths from the Spirit-realms flow in upon us, in all their perfected and glorious abundance, *then the laws of men and women will be the laws of the Spirits*, and we will no more need the common law, or the statute law, for our control or government ; but each individual being in harmony with himself or herself—*a law unto himself or herself*—the grand union of individual harmony will swell into such a chorus of blending beatitude and blessing, that it will make us of a truth, "*little lower than the angels*."

NEW YORK, Sept. 13, 1874.

N I A G A R A.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL. D.

EARTH trembleth at thy passing, mighty stream !
In thy orchestral chambers of the Deep,
The voices of thy many waters keep
Majestic chorus, and forever seem,
In Nature's anthems praising God Supreme !
Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,
That thou, thyself alone, dost dare to leap !

I hear flood-voices in thy cavern halls—
Deep unto Deep doth speak—how loud its speech !
The sound of torrent minstrelsy doth reach
To heaven, from the profound within thy walls—
Upon my deafened ear in terror falls
Thy roar, as of some dread volcano's breach,
Or ocean storm-waves hurled upon the beach !

I feel to worship here—upon this seat,
High o'er the beetling cliffs above the brink
Of thy abyss, I wonder, gaze, and think—
How restless is thy surge beneath my feet !
Forever rolling, rushing on to meet
Old Ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink
Deep in oblivion, whence we mortals shrink !

Heaven archeth o'er thy gates, great deluge-born !
With bow that sprang from wilderness of waves :
Below its circling reach thy flood here raves,
And madly writes on rocky page well worn,
The years that have been since thy birthday morn !
Forever lost the bark that rashly braves
The war of adverse waters—no arm saves !

Proud Kings and purled potentates of earth,
 With trophies borne in march from battle-plain,
 Where sleep the glorious dead in havoc slain,
 Sound clarion loud and seek their native hearth,
 Through arch-triumphal reared at place of birth ;
 But mean are they beside thy Monarch train—
 Thy going forth to join the Stormy Main !

Thy ceaseless floods ! how wild is their commotion !
 I hear their footfalls' onward tread
 Along their granite pathway thence to Ocean—
 Unfathomed waters hide thy bed !

See 'yond—a battle-ground—once red and gory !
 Beside which flows a babbling brook—
 It hath a hallowed place in early story,
 And legends consecrate the nook.

The Chipp'wa maid there wailed her dusky lover,
 Whose corse in shroud of bark and boughs,
 Was laid beneath the hemlock's shady cover,
 And o'er his grave renewed her vows !

In solitude there sleeps the forest rover,
 Whose wigwam-home was on thy marge ;
 Who swam thy waves and stilly glid them over,
 In swift canoe or birchen barge.

Pray tell how long ago—the years—the ages—
 Since there were made those Indian graves ?
 Tall trees that on them grow seem truthful pages,
 To teach how long have slept those Braves.

How old art thou, swift Stream, how many ages
 Are veiled in Time's deep mysteries—
 Where is the record of thy birth—the stages—
 The cycles of thy centuries ?
 Thine age ?—a pyramid of years !—say whether
 Thou first began thy course of years,
 When erst the far-off stars all sang together,
 In heavenly music of the spheres ?

THE IMMORTAL PAINTERS.

A SPIRIT-PICTURE AND THE ARTISTS.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL. D.

SOME years ago, but since the advent of the Higher Faith and my adoption of its Divine Philosophy as the Guide of Life, in a conversation with a brother, held at the old family homestead, it was resolved by us that we would obtain, if possible, the picture of a beloved sister, who had departed this life many years before. It was easy to see that a spirit beholding its fellow-spirit might transfer its present form, figure and drapery, to canvas, if able to use for that purpose, the organism of a mortal. At this period of time it had been demonstrated that unmistakable portraiture of departed ones had been taken by a gifted few. Believing that the best productions of Art are dependent on invisible agencies for their execution, and that the genius of the artist, to which has always been attributed his skill in the creations of the canvas and the marble, is nothing more nor other than the plastic influences of the masters of High Art, who once inhabited earth, and who still exercise here their chosen vocation through persons of peculiar organization, it seemed to be among the possibilities that our desires for a likeness of one in Spirit-land might, at some time, be gratified.

Soon after my return from the visit at my birth-place, and at the earliest opportunity afforded by my calling to see a medium, my spirit-sister, whose picture it had been agreed to obtain, availed herself of the occasion to speak with me, when she said to me, "You shall have my picture." I confess to the surprise I felt on receiving this de-

claration, because I knew that the medium was ignorant of the conversation had with my brother—that the subject was not, at the time, in my mind—and because I had never once apprehended that our conversation had been listened to by our unseen sister. But such was the fact, as she affirmed through the medium. At sundry times, subsequently, when she, no doubt, discovered that I almost despaired of the fulfillment of her promise, she would unexpectedly control the medium and renew her promise, charging me to be patient, for my wishes should surely be accomplished. The friends to whom I made known my expectations, would shrug their shoulders and shake their heads, plainly indicating their unbelief, and pity for my credulity. But time passed on, and the period for the fulfillment of the promise approached.

I attended the first National Spiritual Convention, held at Chicago, in August, 1864. I was attracted to some paintings of merit which were exhibited to the Convention, and, while examining them, learned that they were spirit-pictures ; also that they were of angelic origin both in subject and artistic workmanship. Of this I was the more convinced when my *cicerone* for the occasion, an old gentleman, aged sixty-six years, informed me that he was the visible and apparent artist—the medium through, or by, whom these works of art were wrought. Though intelligent, his appearance did not beget the idea of foreign travel—nor of his having visited the Vatican, the Louvre, or the banks of the Arno. He informed me that the pictures were those of spirit-persons, as they are seen in spirit-life ; not cognizable as earthly or mortal resemblances, except quite dimly in glimpses of expression. He disclaimed any artistic skill of his own, and said he had all his life long pursued a mechanical trade. Thought I, the time has arrived to secure the so long-promised picture of my sister. I gave the stranger artist my address and an order for the portrait of my sister, then resident in Spirit-land for

the previous twenty-eight years. The name of this gentleman and his address at the time of this interview, I give with pleasure: N. B. Starr, Cincinnati, Ohio. He now resides at Port Huron, Michigan.

The history of the picture so ordered, and of its progress in the hands of the artist, may be best seen in extracts from his correspondence. Under date of Aug. 31st, he wrote as follows:

I yesterday commenced a portrait of a beautiful spirit, purporting to be that of your sister. It is for you. It will be finished in about six weeks or two months. I feel impressed that you will be pleased with it. My only fear is, that I cannot do justice to the ineffable beauty, as I saw it, of that spirit.

He wrote again on the 4th day of November as follows:

Your picture is nearly finished—it will, perhaps, take a week to complete it. I hope you will not think I am vain or egotistical if I say something to you about it. I speak from my normal condition, and so criticise it as though it had not been painted through me. And first, as an earth-likeness of your sister, if you expect such, I think you will be greatly disappointed. The test of the painting is the painting itself. I feel quite sure that any one who sees it, will say it is not of earth; there is a spiritual phosphorescence about and around it, that seems to glow even in a moderately darkened room. Perhaps you and others may not see this, but I think you will. The face is very beautiful; the hair is lightish; the eyes bluish; both hands are shown; the drapery is azure and white. No one has yet seen it, not even my own family—for I have a dark room that I keep locked and where I go while under influence.

Again on the 24th of November, I received the following:

"Your painting is finished. Our friends here are to have it on exhibition at a social gathering at Metropolitan Hall, this evening. It has made, already, something of a sensation among those who have seen it. I hope you will like it—but if you do not, I can not help it. You are at liberty to say to your friends that this painting was

executed in a partially darkened room, by a man who makes no pretensions to art, but has worked as a mechanic for forty-eight years. In another letter I will tell you all about how I came to paint this picture, together with the manifestation that produced it.

The picture reached me November 30th. It is quite impossible for me to give an adequate idea of the portrait. I have deemed it best to leave description to the artist, and to refer to his statements given herein—let his story be accepted as truthful. I am satisfied ; the workmanship is exquisite. I am captivated with the picture—it is unearthly, angelic ! The artist says it is the picture of my sister as she is now. I have her statement concerning the picture, and also the declarations of other spirits whose words are ever reliable, that the same is a true likeness of her as she appears in spirit-life. They ought to know ; I receive their testimony, and will copy the same.

The picture certainly transcends in beauty the earth-form—as it should ; but I see or seem to see, resemblance, albeit so vision-like, so shadowy, so dreamy. Oh, how much I love to look on that angel-face, and that sylph-like figure ! Indeed, I feel that I am verily holding high festival with the pure and the lovely—that I am sweetly communing with the sainted and the heavenly !

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

I am pleased to record the verdict of the very many—artists and others—who have called to see my sister's picture ; which is, that it is a specimen of superior skill and artistic workmanship. On one occasion I listened to the criticisms of two artists—one an acquaintance and quite noted—both agreed that the work was of great merit—and, then, the idea that all this had origin in a darkened room,

by the hand of a man who never had given the least attention to the study of their Art, a mechanic life-long working at his trade of tailor, was more than their wits could readily explain.

The artist writes again, under date of December 7th. He says :

Your letter of the 3rd came to hand yesterday. You cannot imagine how happy it made me to know you were pleased with the manifestation of our Spirit-friends through me. While I think of it, I must tell you one thing, which is—that if you are pleased to see a painting, what would you think if you were to see the reality? My friend, the painting is but a poor expression of the glory and transcendent beauty of the real—truly, the physical eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the imagination to conceive the glory of that beautiful land and its inhabitants. I earnestly hope and pray that my poor effort may so stimulate men and women to live in such a way that they may be fit subjects to enter therein.

With regard to what I promised you of the manifestation of the spirit of your sister, I cannot well explain to you certain points ; it involves nearly the whole history of my development as a medium. With me the sense of feeling is sometimes more acute than seeing and hearing, and this sense, I cannot, I fear, make you understand ; and if I could, it would be no test to you—you have, therefore, in a certain sense, to depend on my statement. I have tried scores of times to analyze the influence that pervades myself, but I cannot and never could do it to my satisfaction.

I catch occasional glimpses of a beautiful spirit—they become more frequent and more intense ; she holds something in her hand —what is it? I look more closely ; it is a photograph—whose is it? She speaks : ‘It is my brother.’ ‘Who is your brother?’ ‘Look at it.’ I do so—it is you. She speaks again : ‘Get one and keep it near you—she is gone! Now comes the influence to paint ; it is by a spirit-artist, or an artist’s spirit—I feel that, I do not see it. I go to work and paint altogether by feeling. The beautiful being I had seen comes on the canvas : there are sometimes variations to

this ; sometimes I see the picture as it is to be—I see it on the untouched canvas.

Now I claim that the spirit that is to be painted, sits for the artist, whose influence I am under, to have the picture painted. Such, I believe, is a concise statement of the manifestation.

In obedience to the command of my sister, as seen in this letter, the artist wrote me : "I wish you to send me a card photograph of yourself—the reason will be apparent when you see the painting ; or, if it is not, I will explain at another time." I sent him a vignette, with a caution, not knowing the object, not to mix up my shadow in the affair. It would seem that before sending to me, for my photograph, by the artist, as directed by my sister, she was possessor, in Spirit-land, of my picture in photograph ! The artist has represented, in her beautiful picture, a card, held in the fingers of her right hand, only just discernible through the white gossamer-like drapery which vails her azure dress.

Besides this, in the same letter, Mr. S. says that he has an inspiration to paint a picture, may be two, which he describes in the following language :

One of the paintings is nothing more nor less than a transcendently glorious landscape of the Spirit-land—the other, a clairvoyant and philosophical view of the process of Death and the emergence of the spirit-body from the physical. They will be somewhat large paintings—may be about four by six feet square, and will cost about five hundred dollars apiece.

He fears that his circumstances will not allow of his entering on their execution without assurance of aid from some societies or men of means. It is a pity that such subjects should not speedily appear on the canvas. He thinks that either of them would pay for itself in one week's exhibition.

The inquiry is both natural and proper—what say the celestials themselves concerning the Picture ? I give the tes-

timony of my sister herself, as to the verisimilitude of the portrait. On December 7th, the same day, it will be observed, when the artist, in Cincinnati, wrote me, as given above, she also wrote me, by the hand of a reliable medium, saying :

MY DEAR BROTHER—I have placed myself before you, through the medium of brush, colors and canvas, making use of such materials as conditions and circumstances, together with magnetic law, enable us to use. The picture is very like myself ; indeed, there is nothing in the expression of the face that my friends here, or myself, would change. The more you look at this picture, the more you will see, particularly in the expression of the eyes and form, more and still more, that remind of your departed Sister. Although expressed by material, it is none other, as the next communication from the artist will prove, than your happy Sister.

December 19th, my wife, in Spirit-realm, in a letter to me, through the same medium, says :

I am so glad that your sister was able to give you the picture—it is so like her. How little the people of earth know of the spiritual ; do not wonder at remarks of all and every kind ; hold within your own spirit the truth evident, that it is she ; and let those who fail to see the beauty of her spiritual life wait until such time as the door of their hearts is open to receive one of the witnesses of the Spirit-life. Oh, how I long to show you the group as they gather to bless you.

On the same day, December 19th, my sister again wrote me :

I readily join you with words of good cheer, to answer, kindly indorsing all that you have heard from your old friend, the artist. My dear brother, I am glad to be with you. It is enough to know that we are satisfied with this material expression of a spiritual form.

Since the above dates I have received other communications from my sister, and letters from the artist ; but, unhappily, they are lost or mislaid—hence, I must draw

upon my memory and memoranda for what they have said concerning the premises. I can not copy. Mr. Starr is controlled by a Band of some of the old Masters whose paintings adorn the galleries of the Vatican and other continental repositories of the works of High Art. He has furnished me a list of the names of the artists composing his band—it reads—Anthony Van Dyck, Peter Paul Rubens, Henry Van Balen, Benjamin West, Alexander Cooper, Paul Cagliari, Sig. Raphael, Joshua Reynolds. My sister has stated to me that her picture is the joint production of three of the old masters, *viz*: Paul Cagliari, Raphael, *et al*, whose name I have forgotten; but that it was painted chiefly by the first-named of the three, and is characteristic of his style and school.

Concerning these artists a biographer says:—Cagliari, Caliari Paolo, commonly known as Paul Veronese, a distinguished painter of the Venetian School, was born in Verona, about 1528, or, according to some authorities, in 1530, and died in 1588.

Raphael, Raffaello Sanzio, or Santi d'Urbino, an Italian painter, was born in Urbino, March 28th, 1483, and died in Rome, April 6th, 1520.

I am fully convinced that Mr. Starr is the instrument of some spirit-painter or painters—that Mr. Anderson is controlled to produce portraits by some spirit-artists—that Miss Doten is the mouth-piece of the poets, Burns and Poe—that Mrs. Tappan is the medium also for Poe and other poets, besides great orators and some of the ablest statesmen—that T. L. Harris long ago uttered high poetry—the soul-flowings of scores of the Old World's sons of song gone to dwell in the land beyond “the visible diurnal sphere”—that Sontag still fills the mouths of many a medium in our midst, and makes sweetest melody flow from lips in many a parlor and music hall in our land. Who can doubt that the Angel Era on earth is at hand—has already arrived?

In this connection it seems to be in order to state that, on one occasion, some years since the completion of the picture of my sister, being desirous to receive information from the old Masters constituting the band of artists who use the organism of Mr. Starr, I wrote and concealed from the view of the medium, MR. MANSFIELD, the following—remaining in his presence while the answer was given—

To Anthony Van Dyck, Peter Paul Rubens, Henry Van Balen, Benjamin West, Alexander Cooper, Paul Cagliari, Sig. Raphael, Joshua Reynolds :

If any of the aforesaid Band of Masters are present, will they please state when they departed this life, and where?

To the foregoing question I received the following answer, through Mr. M., from Benjamin West. Against the spirit-report I have placed, collaterally, extracts taken from biographical history :

THE MEDIUM.

Anthony Van Dyck, born 1598, died 1641.

Peter Paul Rubens, born at Antwerp, 1577, died 1643.

Henry Van Balen, born 1551 ; died 1632.

Raphael, or Sanzio, born at Urbino 1483 ; died 1520.

Paul Cagliari, born at Verona, 1532 ; died between 1589 and 1592.

THE BIOGRAPHER.

Vandyke, or Van Dyck, Sir Anthony, a Flemish painter, born at Antwerp, March 22, 1599 ; died in London, December 9, 1641.

Rubens, Peter Paul, a Flemish painter, born in Siegen, Westphalia, June 29, 1577 ; died in Antwerp, May 30, 1640.

Balen, Hendrik Van, a Flemish historical painter, and the first instructor of Van Dyck and Snyders, born at Antwerp in 1560 ; died there 1632.

Raphael, Raffaello Sanzio, or Santi D'Uraido, an Italian painter, born in Urbino, March 28, (Good Friday,) 1483 ; died in Rome, April 6, (Good Friday,) 1520.

Cagliari, or Caliari, Paolo, commonly known as Paul Veronese, a distinguished painter of the Venetian school, born in Verona, about 1528, or according to some authorities, in 1530 ; died in 1588.

THE MEDIUM.

Joshua Reynolds, born at Plymouth, England, 1723 ; died 1792.

THE BIOGRAPHER.

Reynolds, Sir Joshua, an English painter, born in Plymouth, Devonshire, July 16, 1723 ; died in London, February 23, 1793.

Benjamin West, born at Springfield, Pa., U. S. A., 1738 ; died in England, 1820.

We think Cooper died about 1776.

BENJAMIN WEST,
For the Band.

West, Benjamin, an Anglo-American painter, born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738 ; died in London, March 11, 1820.

After this communication was received, my sister said, or rather wrote, in correction, "The old master, Henry Van Balen, died in 1632, and was eighty-one years old—so says Van Dyck." With the exception of this correction, it will be seen, on a comparison, that there is scarcely a discrepancy between the historical and spiritual statements. Where there is any, may it not be chargeable to error in the biographer, and not to error of the Spirits? Is it not more likely that any difference in dates may come of error in the historic record? I give these statements concerning the births and obituaries of the artist-band of Mr. Starr, in illustration of the remarkable testimony sometimes afforded by spirits of their post-mundane existence, memories, etc.

Thus it is seen that the Oracles are not dumb, nor Sibylline leaves fail to make revelation of the Future, and to teach their benign purpose, *ut non confundar*. Here at home, in our midst, are received responses from the land of souls. The altar-fires of a sublimer faith than that of the blindfolded, groping devotees of the Church, illumine our pathway ; and our hearths and our homes are made joyous with the glad voices and glorious forms which fill the sanctuary of the soul. For this blessed *communion of saints* we have no need to cross oceans, traverse seas, nor wander far away,

On the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona and through all the bounds
Of Doric land.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD OF SEPTEMBER 27, 1874.

Dr. Brittan on Spiritualism—Spiritualism *versus* Free Love—Reckoning with a *Herald* Correspondent—What Rational Spiritualists Believe—Their Calumniators brought to Judgment—Criminals Entertain Evangelical Opinions—Even “the Devils believe and tremble.”

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1874

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

I am a constant reader of your paper, and seldom have occasion to complain of any want of fairness in your treatment of either political, social or religious topics. Most especially do I recognize the uniform candor and distinguished ability that characterize your editorial department. But among your numerous correspondents I occasionally meet with one whose limited information and unlimited prejudices render him incapable of furnishing reliable information on the subjects he essays to treat. When the views of large classes of intelligent and order-loving people are grossly misrepresented; when the deepest and most sacred convictions—resting upon the scientific basis of fact and law—are subjected to unmeasured ridicule, and the collective character of a large body of conscientious citizens rudely assailed by writers who are nothing if not equal to the production of a new sensation, it occurs to me that any qualified representative of such a class should be heard in its defense.

I respectfully call your attention to an instance of this kind in your issue of yesterday. It occurs on your third page, in the letter written from Winooski, Vt., in which reference is made to the proposed purchase and settlement of Valcour Island by a community of free lovers. It is

said that the property is now owned by Owen Shipman ; and the small materials from which it is attempted to feed the too prevalent appetite for scandalous sensations appear in the admitted facts that no such community has yet been founded, and not one dollar has been subscribed toward purchasing the Island. So far as the correspondent has informed us, he found only *three men* in Vermont who, on being interviewed, gave a qualified indorsement of the free love doctrines, and of those only one belonged there (the others were from Illinois and Wisconsin), which certainly leaves abundant room for the inference that the cause is not likely to prosper in that region. But you will, if you please, allow me to reproduce the following brief passage from your correspondent's letter :

“ This old man, Shipman, has, for a long time, been a resident of this vicinity, and has been afflicted for many years with the disease of Spiritualism, which has never failed to go hand in hand with its kindred disease, free love. Not by any means that I would have it understood that all Spiritualists are free lovers, but that I have rarely found a free lover of either sex who is not, to a certain extent, a believer in Spiritualism.”

Your correspondent boldly assumes that Spiritualism is a “*disease*,” and in this makes an unnecessary exhibition of his ignorance and incapacity to form a judgment that is entitled to public respect. After a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the subject for twenty-eight years, I am prepared to say that Spiritualism, in a comprehensive sense, is a rational philosophy of the Universe ; that it is utterly and forever at war with the principles of materialism and every form of sensuality. It affirms the spiritual origin of the Creation, the spiritual nature of Man, the existence of a Spirit World, to which the faculties and affections of the human soul sustain a necessary relation, not less intimate than that which connects the bodily organs and their functions with the elements, forms and phenomena of this world.

Pray what is there in such a philosophy that warrants the inference that it is the offspring of disease? It will be perceived that, from the very nature of such a system, it must demand, from the party who accepts it, the imposition of rational restraints upon his animal appetites and passions; in short, spirituality of life. If I know anything of Spiritualism, in a true sense and in the judgment of its rational disciples, it at once involves such a philosophy and demands such a life.

This Spiritualism is illustrated by innumerable facts which have been of more or less frequent occurrence in every age of the world. These facts have not only been accepted by the wisest and best of men, in all countries and in every historic period, but they constitute the very foundation stones in the great religious systems of the world. This being true, by what authority does your correspondent assume that Spiritualism, *per se*, is to be included in the category of diseases? If such a classification can be justified we may ascribe the Baconian philosophy and Shakespeare's poetry to a similar source. Then, too, the religion of the earliest nations, and of the Jews and Christians, were only so many forms or phases of this disease, since they were all founded on phenomena said to have originated in the operation of spiritual laws and the volition of spiritual beings. Are we to believe that such ancient teachers as Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and many of the most illustrious men of antiquity, were all hopelessly diseased? They lived and died believing in the presence of spirits within the sphere of our mortal relations; they recognized their influence on the human mind and in the destiny of nations. Are we to include the greatest poets of ancient and modern times in the invalid corps? Did Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton, all have the disease? Shall we attribute the inspiration of Jewish prophets and Christian apostles to this disease? Jesus of Nazareth saw spirits—Moses, Elias and others; spiritual beings opened the prison doors to the incarcerated

apostles ; Paul recognized the great "cloud of witnesses" that peopled the air ; and the Revelator conversed with beings from other worlds than this. Are those early spiritual teachers and all divinely illuminated souls, since the world began, to be embraced in the sick list ? And have we no healthy people in this world except those that are stone blind, spiritually, and who, with Darwin, are proud to follow the long line of an illustrious ancestry back to the monkeys ?

Your correspondent says that "Spiritualism has never failed to go hand in hand with its kindred disease, free love." It is true, he mildly qualifies this language, by saying that "all Spiritualists do not believe in free love." If this is intended to have any meaning it must be taken as a contradiction of the previous statement, since Spiritualism certainly *does fail* to go hand in hand with free love—in every instance in which the former declines the company of the latter. Now what are the facts ? The truth is that by far the larger part of all the spiritual societies throughout the United States have already officially and publicly denounced the free love doctrines ; and many of them have published cards or resolutions notifying all whom it may concern, that *they will not engage the services of any speaker who is known to entertain and defend such views.* These are facts that have been so widely published that no newspaper correspondent can find any possible justification for longer circulating such calumnies against the great body of American Spiritualists.

Your correspondent further says that he has "rarely found a free lover of either sex who is not, to a certain extent, a believer in Spiritualism." If this be true, the fact proves nothing against the essential truth and practical importance of Spiritualism. Defaulters, counterfeiters, stock and lottery gamblers are said to believe in "addition, multiplication and division ;" but their crimes furnish no ground of argument against the science of numbers, and no one doubts

the respectability of the multiplication table. It has been ascertained, by actual inquiry, that a very large majority of the convicts in our State prisons believe in the fundamental doctrines of the popular religion. But from such premises will any one have the audacity to assume that larceny, burglary, highway robbery, rapine and murder go hand in hand with orthodoxy? This is the peculiar style of reasoning your correspondent adopts in his treatment of Spiritualism, and no further illustration of the subject is necessary to expose its flagrant injustice and absurdity.

In conclusion, I suggest that if your correspondent cannot succeed in finding a free lover who is not a Spiritualist, he had better go over to Long Island, taking care not to leave the work of investigation to a committee.

Yours, respectfully, S. B. BRITTAN.

DEATH OF A PROPHET.—Many years ago a man named Lawrence Britton was employed by Mr. Ladley, of Peace street, New Brunswick, N. J. In 1867 this man suddenly left that city, having first remarked that he should return to Ladley's to die. Seven years elapsed, during which he was not heard from, when, one morning late in September, he again made his appearance at Ladley's house, at about ten o'clock, observing that, as promised, he had come back to die. He was between seventy and eighty years of age, but there was no intimation of impaired health. But between the hours of seven and eight o'clock—on the evening of the day he returned—he suddenly fell and expired. Had this occurred in the ancient City of the Jews, the reader might have found the record in the Bible, reading thus :

And it came to pass that Lawrence, whose surname was Britton, was well stricken in years. And an angel from the Lord warned him that, on a certain day, he would rest from his labors. And it came to pass on that day, that the Lord called him, even from the house of Ladley, that is in Peace street. And Lawrence slept with his fathers.

The Editor at Home.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS MATERIALISM.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S DIGNIFIED INDIFFERENCE.

HERE can be no doubt that, with some men the devotion to physical science becomes a mania, that indicates anything but a normal condition of mind. When it completely absorbs all feeling, thought and effort, it inevitably destroys the proper balance of the faculties and affections, the moral equipoise, and that organic harmony which is indispensable to a perfect character. Such natures are one-sided, at best, and that is the earthly side. The other hemisphere of being—the spiritual part of man—is not rounded out to the proper spherical line. The circle of development and life is incomplete, because flattened, more or less, on the side toward the heavens. This malformation or unequal development, renders the paramount attraction earthly and sensual: and so, in the language of Milton, men are made.

“To creep and grovel on the earth,”

while they should look upward, and reverently aspire to the companionship of the gods. We take Professor Huxley as an example. The following brief paragraph from this Magnus Apollo of scientific materialism clearly illustrates our thought and the imperfect development of his mind :

“Supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates at the nearest cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category.”

Here is a learned *savant* who affirms that, if the Spiritual

phenomena *are real*, he has no interest in the subject. Such an attitude—while it is wholly unbecoming a teacher of science—confirms our conception, that this man presents only a hemispherical development, and that is on the mundane side of his nature. So completely is he swallowed up in earthly things, that he is concerned to know all the facts that illustrate the origin of all meaner animals, the evolution of living forms, and the transmutations of species ; at the same time he will make no effort to solve the infinitely more important question that involves the continued life and ultimate destiny of man. He has a lively interest in the fossiliferous, fragmentary remains of vegetable and animal forms, but cannot be induced to concern himself about the living souls of men. It would really seem that if our masters in science can only find out how the tadpole develops its legs and the chrysalis unfolds its wings ; and, especially, how men came from monkeys, they will be quite satisfied with their achievements. The language of their speech and action virtually is—Let us discover the origin of man in the motion of polarized elementary particles, and the inherent laws of matter ; and trace the obscure course of development through all inferior creatures—not excepting snails, and snakes, and skunks—and his manhood being thus, at last, fairly unfolded and assured, *we do not care what becomes of him hereafter!* When he dies we will not go to “the nearest cathedral town” to get a dispatch demonstrating his immortality—unless the message can be couched in classical language, and the demonstration put in proper shape according to the accepted formulas of science. All Spirits, however, well or ill-informed on earth, must talk like Darwin and Huxley ; they must be thoroughly posted in physics ; and, of course, get their spiritual telegrams through in chaste and elegant terms the first time ; and they must stultify themselves, by denying the existence of their own souls, or they may not expect an audience from those distinguished savans. And yet, strange to say, our scientific men

will hunt for weeks beneath the accumulated dust of many centuries for the obscure material traces of organic forms and departed life.

It is true, it might not be profitable for Professor Huxley to spend his valuable time in listening to "old women and curates." But it should be remembered that those people inhabit the same planet with himself; and because they do, he would never expect rational men and women to reject what he may be pleased to say. Because the uneducated masses catch up, repeat in his hearing, and perhaps publish in the papers, the familiar gossip of the Spirit World, he is not authorized to infer that there are no people in that world who are competent to instruct the proud and conceited philosophers of our time, and in whose presence silence would become even Professor Huxley.

But the vital question is not, how do the Spirits talk, and what measure of intelligence are they able, under the circumstances, to display. The far more important question—the one that takes firm hold of really great minds and generous hearts, is one that the material philosophers of this age disregard with a blind infatuation. *Do the facts of Spiritualism demonstrate the continued existence of man after the destruction of his physical body?* This is the most momentous question that can possibly engage our attention. It will be easy to explain the imperfect and unsatisfactory nature of our telegraphic communication with a people that, but recently, succeeded in opening anything like systematic intercourse with this world. The great facts of their existence; their near relation to the earth, and sympathetic association with its inhabitants, are the great questions which should awaken universal interest. And here a numerous class of our scientific men disregard their own principles, reject all rational methods of investigation, and otherwise behave themselves in a most unbecoming manner. We have not the time and space for a lengthy indictment, but must briefly illustrate the impropriety of their conduct.

Scientific men carefully search the interior history of this planet, examine its earths and rocks for the faintest traces of the earliest organic forms. They seize on the smallest fossil fragments of beasts, birds, reptiles, trees and plants, and preserve them in cabinets and museums as precious treasures. They stand with uncovered heads in the deserted temple of Life and with amazing patience reconstruct its broken walls, and perhaps vainly tax the boldest imagination to recall the time when the vital fire expired on its cold altars. They sail into unknown seas for undiscovered Continents and Islands, and watch the objects that drift before them for the smallest indications of human art that may herald the *terra incognita*. They explore desert lands and the sepulchers of dead empires for crumbling relics. In the scattered fragments of sculptured stones; in old coins and ancient parchments; in a crypt or a ditch; in a domestic implement, a small piece of sackcloth, a broken brick, or a handful of ashes, they find the precious evidence of an extinct life and a buried civilization. They fit out costly expeditions, and go to Central Africa or the North Pole to find *one lost man*, living or dead. This is all very well, and may be worthy of commendation; but how shall we account for the fact that their interest in man is limited to the brief period of his life on earth, and to his mortal remains. At the *post-mortem* Science only inspects the corpse! Such scientific men as Professor Huxley pour contempt upon the long line of their own ancestry, and shrink with a childish apprehensiveness from all contact with immortal visitors. When the question to be considered, or the object to be pursued, touches the claims of Spiritualism, they will not go to the "nearest cathedral town" for tidings from all the men and women who have ever lived and died on earth! After this fitful dream of life, they promise us nothing but vacuity and perpetual silence.

"O, Star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To wast us back the message of Despair!"

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

EXERCISES IN SPIRIT-WRITING.

AUTHORSHIP appears to have been an extensive business in the days of the ancient Preacher, who says : "Of making many books there is no end." St. John, in still more hyperbolical language, indulges the supposition that, had all the words and deeds of Jesus been circumstantially recorded, "the world itself could not have contained the books." The rational reader will naturally conclude, that John not only entertained exaggerated ideas of his Master, but that he had a very limited knowledge of geography ; nor do we care to impeach the reverence of those who do not largely share the enthusiasm of the Evangelist.

But the facts we have witnessed have helped us to excuse the extravagant statements of religious enthusiasts. In a period of general inspiration the generation of ideas and the flow of thought are rapid beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds, and the materials for innumerable books are produced with little or no conscious effort. There are tons of manuscripts to-day in the hands of writing mediums and others, all over the country. Much of this matter is, of course, utterly unworthy of publication ; and it was probably never intended by the Spirits to be embalmed by the press. Like a child's first lessons in penmanship and composition, these writings were mainly designed as *exercises*. In this respect, at least, the enormous mass of Spirit-writing has served a rational purpose ; but it would be as unwise to preserve and print this immeasurable correspondence of the Spirits as it would be to save all the copy-books of the primary schools.

We have plainly intimated that, while many of the writ-

ings by Spirits have contained little or nothing of real interest, they have been otherwise useful as means of instruction and discipline. By degrees they become more and more coherent—they exhibit a wider and yet wider range of thought, and increasing accuracy, force and elegance of expression. It is impossible to disguise the fact that many persons have been educated in this way. They have given little or no attention to books ; the Spirits have been their teachers ; and people who were extremely ignorant but a few years ago, now exhibit a rare intelligence, amazing freedom of thought, and a command of language that often puts ordinary scholars to shame.

Some twenty years ago, while we were editing the *Spiritual Telegraph*, a lady (H. J. C.) residing in Delaware, commenced sending us communications written by Spirits through her hand. We received them frequently for several years, but could make no public use of them. The manuscripts accumulated rapidly, and at one time we had a large number in our possession. The chirography was remarkably neat and uniform. But we do not remember to have published a single communication, owing, chiefly, to a general incoherency of thought and expression. But the Spirits and their medium were never discouraged by their long and apparently almost fruitless labors. They must have been "long suffering" and "slow to anger," or we should have grieved away the Spirits that wrote from Wilmington. They were certainly less capricious and more persevering than the mortals we daily meet with, or they would long since have left us, *sans cérémonie*. Our lack of appreciation of their earlier efforts does not appear to have given any offense. Since the advent of the JOURNAL they have renewed the correspondence. During the long interval they have manifestly acquired a better use of their instrument, since they now write, through the same Medium, in a more coherent and lucid style. The following communication will illustrate the measure of their present capacity :

FROM SPIRITS THROUGH A WRITING MEDIUM.

MAIDEN OF THE PLANET EARTH :—I am the lyrist Orpheus. I was myself a native of your world, but my female partner, passed her mortal life upon the planet Mars. She had become immortal before my mortal life commenced. After I had attained to my seventeenth year, she came to Earth to visit me. And on one occasion there came with her, a band of six musicians, with shining harps and viols in their hands, attuned to the heavenly harmonies. When I first saw them, I was seated on a block of marble, in the Isle of Paros in the Sea of Ægea, near where the billows, capped with fleecy foam, came rushing to the shore, and played among the marble rocks of various colors, which abounded there—black, green, and white, and variegated, and some of them were amber-colored and translucent. These last were very rare, and none of them exist at present on our native world. The acrid waters of the sea in part dissolved them, and the remaining part became disintegrated and mixed with sand and earth.

When the musicians had reached a spot at a short distance from me, my Delva left them, and came and took her seat beside me on the rock. While she sat there, I experienced feelings of happiness ineffable. And when the band began to sing, touching in unison their stringed instruments, I joined the choir, in singing a hymn to Deity.

Question by the Medium.—Could you then understand and speak the words which they pronounced?

Orpheus.—Yes, I could ; by inspiration, as I since have learned. When the band withdrew, one of them left his viol with me, and lest it might be stolen from me, I never suffered any one on Earth to see it, but kept it concealed in a dark cavern near the sea. I never played upon it, except at night, by the light of the moon, in concert with the sound of the waves among the rocks of marble, at my favorite place of resort. The angel Galen will now dictate to you a translation of the Hymn to Deity, which I joined the Spirit-band in singing.

The Power that rules the wide-spread land,
The hills, the plains, the rocky strand,
Is the all bounteous Deity.

The Power that rules the spheres above,
In justice, mercy, and in love,
Is the omniscient Deity.

And He whose eye alone can trace,
The depths of unimagined space,
Is the all-seeing Deity.

All beings in all worlds sublime,
Existing in unreckoned time,
Are cared for by the Deity.

Praise Him whose power compels, controls,
All matter, and all sentient souls,
The omnipotent Deity.

Medium.—Will Orpheus please describe to me the viol which was presented to him by the spirit-musician?

Orpheus.—Yes, I will. It was formed of a kind of metal, which does not now exist, either on Earth or on Mars, which was semi-pell-mell and of a silvery appearance. It was an instrument of four strings, but the sounds might be made to vary, by touching the strings in different places. They were elastic, but not very slender, and they appeared to be composed of glass, or rather of diamond, of a bluish tint. I formed another instrument, making my highly valued gift my model, from an ingot of gold, beating it into the form desired, with stones of flinty hardness. For strings, I used the sinews of the deer. And finding that the sounds could not be varied, by touching them in different places, I added three other strings to my viol, more slender than the others, and more tightly drawn, seven being the number of strings the Spirits' harps were furnished with. With this harp of gold I went from place to place, to gain a livelihood by playing on it. Sometimes I was absent from my home for weeks together. But I never met my Delva at any other place, than by the sea of Ægea, among the rocks of marble.

LINES BY ORPHEUS—TRANSLATED BY POPE.

Delva, my loved one of celestial* birth,
Is lovelier far, than maidens of the Earth;
And as she comes to meet me from above,
Her look inspires me with ecstatic love.

* The planet Mars, by its inhabitants, is called Celesti.

Her form is graceful, and her lustrous eyes,
Are of the deepest hue of summer skies,
Her auburn hair, formed into shining braids,
Hightens the beauty of the brow it shades.

O ! Delva, Delva, being pure and bright,
Thy coming brings me ravishing delight.
No mortal maiden's most alluring charms,
Can make me wish to take her to my arms.
Day after day, in hopes of meeting thee,
I wander lonely by the murmuring sea,
Night after night, when Luna gilds the waves,
I seek the shore the briny water laves,
And take my shining viol from its place,
To sound thy praise, form of celestial grace.

PATRISTIC CHRISTIANITY.

MR. ALFRED CRIDGE, of Washington, D. C.—himself an independent thinker—received the subjoined communication from a Spirit who may have been accustomed to analyze things while he was on earth, and has not yet ceased to exercise an intelligent discrimination in judging of matters that chiefly relate to the interests of this world. The Spirit is *incognito*, but the medium is so well and favorably known that his affirmation requires no vouchers.

FROM A SPIRIT—A. CRIDGE, MEDIUM.

The wanderings of the early Christians from the original ideas of the founders of Christianity, consisted more in the violation of the social order which these founders intended to establish—and, to a limited and temporary extent, *did* establish—than in doctrinal views. With the life on earth subdued in tint and heightened in symmetry, naturally would there have succeeded a life of the Spirit, not controversial nor doctrinal, but fashioned of nobler mould. But the mistake was made of reverting to the isolation of surrounding society ; and the Spiritualism thus barely born was thereby scarcely supported, so that it soon became a very delicate exotic, crowded out by the more hardy, if less beautiful, creations of a coarse and brutal civiliza-

tion—one making scarcely a pretence of goodness or gentleness. It imparted to the Christian organization its own rough, raw, repulsive force as bare-faced frauds ; and from this combination sprang *Patristic Christianity* culminating by degrees in full-fledged Romanism.

And thus was born of roughness and rawness a religious dogmatism which the most exact and remorseless logic fails to overcome. Even science blunts its edge against this prepossession, strengthened by centuries of hereditary proclivities of the human mind. It is only by earnestness in life, combined with cultivated thought and spirituality of aspiration that this dogmatism can be met and mastered. It requires not only Spiritualism, but a cultivated and earnest Spiritualism ; not only science, but a science baptized in the spiritual ; to show to the creed-bound and the skeptical a more excellent way, and induce them to follow it by proving to them that it is safe and certain. To those born in mental slavery it is difficult to convey an idea but by example the most palpable ; and until we can show the mass a superior life, it is of little attractive power to offer them a superior thought, though the thought be the necessary germ or seed of the life. Well is it to utter the thought, but better shall it be when that thought becomes incarnated in a new social order, securely conserving all the virtues, rejecting only the vices of the old. All will regard with hope and joy such a manifestation of scientific Spiritualism and spiritualistic science.

DISTINGUISHED SPIRITUAL VISITORS.

The writer of this had been requested to present the claims of THE NATIONAL LEAGUE to the public, and had accordingly prepared and published an article in several papers, and in the form of a circular. On further reflection we concluded that it did not fully meet the demands of the occasion, and that another effort should be made in the same direction. But nothing further had been done when, one day, we were seated in our sanctum meditating upon the political degeneracy of the nation and the moral depravity of the times. Saddened by our reflections we were silently but

anxiously, inquiring what could be done to stay the tide of corruption and to save the Republic from the inevitable ruin that, sooner or later, overtakes every nation whose moral restraints and incentives are not commensurate with its material wealth and physical development. A shadow, deep as the eclipse that hides the sun, fell on the vision and veiled the future of the nation.

Suddenly the writer became conscious of the presence of *three distinguished visitors*, and was impressed that they were men whose names and lives were inwrought with the history of the country. We were immersed in a magnetic atmosphere, and made to realize the presence and noiseless movements of beings we did not see. At length we felt a large hand laid on the frontal and coronal portions of the head, and the positive assurance that the Spirit was Abraham Lincoln. The hand was tangible by the sense, in a degree that left no doubt of the reality of an invisible human presence. This was accompanied by a sensation somewhat resembling that produced by the passage of a galvanic current, running from the brain through the body and limbs. It occasioned no surprise for the reason that, during the period of more than a quarter of a century, we have had many similar experiences. The sense of sight, in this case, was not addressed. We saw no one; but the consciousness of the actual presence of three unseen visitors continued; and the hand remained on the head, accompanied by a rapid infusion of ideas which found expression in the following

CIRCULAR LETTER TO THE PUBLIC:

To all whom it may concern, Greeting :

As civilization advances and our views of human nature, relations and duties are more clearly defined, we perceive the necessity for changing the fashion of our institutions. In all things the outward form must ultimately yield to the development of the inward principle. If the inflexibility of the body will not admit of the inevitable expansion, it will be broken in pieces by the growth of the

spirit, and the whole fabric fall at last in the fierce throes of revolution. But our system has not yet become so indurated by time, and the chronic abuses of power, as to render violent revolutions the only, or the necessary, means of reformation. The nature of American institutions is such that they more readily yield to the outward pressure of inward forces, and are thus made to assume the existing form of the popular conception.

The growing intelligence of the Age and the progress of enlightened ideas in every department of thought and action, imperatively suggest the necessity for corresponding changes in our political institutions. The increasing agitation of the most vital questions ; the restlessness of the people in view of the abuses of power ; the widespread corruption that unsettles the public faith ; the changing issues of the hour and rapid disintegration of old organizations ; the banding together of the laboring millions to resist the tyranny of capital, are the significant "signs of the times," that admonish us of an impending crisis in our national affairs.

To prepare for the anticipated emergency—to uncover the existing evils and remove them ; to break down the despotism of the caucus system ; to illuminate the relations and responsibilities of the citizen to his country, and to aid in giving direction to the popular thought and will ; to take the reins of government out of the hands of those who oppress the people ; to expose and punish political depravity and official infidelity ; to insist on the practice of rigid morality in the conduct of public affairs, and to make integrity and ability the only means of securing appointments in the government service ; to complete our illustration of democracy by the enfranchisement of Woman ; to suppress the great evil of intemperance ; to cleanse the chief sources and channels of political influence, to the end that we may redeem and renew the Republic—these, in short, are among the cardinal objects and aims of THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

How are these objects to be secured? In few words, by a union of all classes of people who recognize the equal, natural rights of the whole human family ; by the united action of all men and women who hold that governmental organizations and policies should have a sound moral basis ; and are now determined that this natural equality of rights shall receive a literal interpretation in the forms of law and the political institutions of the country. To carry for-

ward the work, thus briefly outlined, will require a well-defined purpose, unity of spirit among the reformers, and the concerted action of large numbers. We must sink all minor differences if we would promote the common welfare. Here is an opportunity for a generous self-denial, a season for earnest work, and an occasion that calls for willing sacrifices of time and means if we would accomplish some worthy end.

But it may be a wise economy to thus impose a heavy tax on ourselves if we may thereby successfully resist this wide-spread corruption ; this tyranny of "damned custom;" and be enabled to shake off the accursed vampires that extract the national life. Corrupt politicians have more than once expended millions in behalf of an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. If we would win in a far nobler enterprise we must make use of the requisite means ; we must move with a positive determination and irresistible momentum. If—in this commercial age—*money* is the Archimedean lever that moves the world, *we must apply that lever*—only in such legitimate ways as are justified by our Declaration of Principles.*

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE now solicits donations of money and any species of available property, to be used in pursuance of its declared objects. All contributions will be duly acknowledged, and the Treasurer's receipt forwarded to the donors. The funds, received from whatever source, will be deposited in one of our city banks, to the credit of THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, by the Treasurer, HENRY J. NEWTON, of New York. The gentleman who has been selected for this important trust has an ample fortune in his own name, is strongly interested in the objects of the LEAGUE, and has a spotless record for integrity in all the relations of life. Wherever he is known the public will repose unlimited confidence in the zeal and fidelity which are sure to characterize the performance of his official duties.

If those who have put on immortality are still cognizant of human affairs, we may rationally hope that the revered "Father of his Country," and that illustrious Martyr of the Union, whose words and deeds are still fresh in our memory—that *all* the noble founders and defenders of the Republic—may smile upon this movement. Invoking

*It may be proper to mention, in this connection that, in the preparation and adoption of the Declaration of Principles referred to, the Spirits had been repeatedly consulted.

the Divine blessing in the assurance of their presence, and in the earnest coöperation of all true men and women—in the interest of

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE,

S. B. BRITTAN, Prest.

During the writing of the above circular several persons entered the apartment, to whom we remarked, that three eminent visitors were in the room, and that one of them was the late President Lincoln. The same observation was repeated, in substance, in the hearing of several other persons, some time after the writing was finished and the Spirits had retired. We failed to identify the other Spirits. The manuscript was deposited in our desk at Newark, where it remained when, two days after, the writer, being in the immediate neighborhood, took occasion to call at the rooms of Mr. J. V. Mansfield. During a brief interview with that gentleman we felt a strong impression that Mr. Lincoln was present. Thinking that an opportunity was thus offered to either unsettle or confirm our conviction—of his presence during the writing of the Circular Letter, we thereupon addressed him in the terms of the following note, which was written, enclosed in twelve folds of paper, and sealed in the absence of Mr. Mansfield :

ABRAHAM LINCOLN :

My Honored Friend—Were you present, and did you exert any direct influence on me, while I was writing my Circular Letter in the interest of The National League?

S. B. BRITTAN.

RESPONSE FROM THE SPIRITS.

“DEAR BRITTAN—Thanks! I was not sure that you recognized the influence when—with others—I controlled you; yet we hoped you did. Now, we are sure you had an inkling, if no more. Yes; I was one of the *three* that stood by you, and caused you to frame that document. As it is, we see no reason to change an idea or the phraseology. God speed the time when the principles therein expressed may meet with universal favor.”

Signed in *fac simile*.

A. LINCOLN.

THOS. H. BENTON.

DANL. WEBSTER.

A still further indorsement of the general views expressed in the foregoing Circular Letter, and of the spiritually inspired origin of its ideas and suggestions, occurred about the same time, in an interview between Mr. Charles R. Miller, of 202 Broadway, and the Spirits. In the course of a private conversation with Mr. Miller—on the political condition of the country and the moral tendencies of the times—the present writer took occasion to express the general ideas of the Circular (written two days before), and to urge the necessity for the adoption of such measures as are therein suggested. In the afternoon of the same day—at a *séance* with the Spirits—Mr. Miller addressed the following note of inquiry to the late Judge Stow, of Massachusetts:

To JOSHUA STOW :

Dear Friend—My daughter Carrie [Carrie is in the Spirit-World] says that you will attend our Circle. Please say what we can do to check the tide of political corruption that is now spreading over the country?

CHARLES R. MILLER.

My Dear Miller :

..... To your question..... Follow the suggestions communicated to you to-day by your friend Brittan. I overheard the conversation, and said to myself: there, that is logic ; that is sound ; that will remedy the evils which hang like a pall over your political institutions. Yes ; as Carrie said, where you go, I go. *I was there*, and heard the conversation ; but *the suggestion originated in the Spirit World.*

Your friend,

JOSHUA STOW.

At the same *séance* Mr. Miller addressed a question—as to the best measures for the political regeneration of the country—to Hon. S. P. Chase, which elicited an evasive answer. As to the depravity of our official representatives and rulers, the late Chief Justice was more explicit, and thus concluded his brief indictment : “ *In the light of Eternity, the government is politically rotten from the Chief to the pound-keeper !* ”

A well-known literary gentleman and popular author—at present residing in South Carolina—who is known to

write under direct inspiration of the Spirits, communicates in a private letter some of his recent experiences, from which we extract the following passages :

"I was interviewed recently by the Hon. John C. Calhoun. He appears to have lost none of his old spirit, and if here now, in his former relations, would probably still advocate his Nullification schemes with greater vehemence than ever, in spite of the 'Eternal' General Jackson. His present solicitude appeared to be, to know who is to be his successor in Congress. Elliot, a negro, and the foremost man of his race now living, is about to retire. The great nullifier is anxious that the one who shall succeed *him* shall be one *he* can approve.

"I was also visited by Hon. Henry Laurens, whom you will remember as one of the old Revolutionary potentates, who ordered, in his will, that his body should be burned, which was solemnly and formally done on his plantation. Since there has been so much agitation in reference to cremation, his story has been the rounds of the papers.

"I took occasion to ask him for his views on the subject—having had not a few qualms upon it myself—and was not greatly surprised that he expressed a great horror of the practice. I asked him if he suffered? His reply was : 'Incredibly, incredibly ; almost as if the whole process were consummated upon the living body.' I asked him why he did not get away from it, and from the scene. He said he could not. A terrible fascination controlled the senses, and he was held, as it were, to the spot, in pain and suffering until it was over. To my question as to whether he would again be willing to undergo cremation, his reply was : 'Not for a hundred worlds.'

"He impressed me as a gentleman of the old school, with smooth, fat face and laughing features and expression—and a patriot as he was. He had cognizance of Calhoun's having been here, and took occasion to condemn his course. All of this goes to prove—if it proves anything—that the *individual* characteristics of the Man, if they have any prominence here or any value, are *permanent*, and may and do exist in Spiritual Life."

HOW WE HEW TO THE LINE.

SMALL CHIPS FROM OLD BLOCKS.

THE Boston *Investigator* took a look one day at a late number of our JOURNAL, but did not find anything worthy of commendation in the 144 pages of original matter which it contained. But the motto, printed on the cover—which, at the beginning, troubled the *World* (we mean the Democratic newspaper with the *Marble* head and heart), seems to have disturbed the mind of our Sadducean cotemporary. To that motto—*The Trumpets of the Angels are the Voices of the Reformers*—his brief comments were chiefly confined. The Editor took occasion to express his complete dissatisfaction with the same ; and it was his prerogative to do so, since it is the chief inalienable right of an American journalist to waste paper and ink *ad libitum*. But the motto suits our purpose, and it certainly has one merit that can not be disputed—it was neither borrowed nor stolen. We shall not pause here to explain its significance, for the reason that we, long since, enlightened the *World* on that subject, as the reader will discover by reference to the third number of our first volume.

But it appears that “C. G. I.” (what name these initials represent we cannot say) of New York, has complained of the *Investigator*’s “carping criticism,” and has forwarded a copy of the QUARTERLY to our critic for his instruction—we presume the issue containing our reply to a similar criticism in the *World*, published a year ago. This may be fairly gathered from the *Investigator* of the 30th ultimo, wherein the Editor labors to justify his critique—to prove that he is no “carper or snapper,” but a candid reviewer, who fairly

presents the character and claims of the books that find their way to his table ; and, especially, that his " comments on the motto in question....were pleasant and good-natured." How well he gets through with this contract is left to the judgment of his readers.

He then recites all the mottoes of his paper, some four in number, which he thinks—to use his own illustration—are "like a sign over a shop door," easily understood and precisely what is wanted. Of these wise *saws*, we have only time to *set and file* one, and that shall be the following, which is emphasized at the head of his editorial columns: "*Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.*" This motto—if our memory is not at fault—is borrowed from Rev. Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric Methodist preacher, born in Connecticut, in the last century. It certainly is a little singular that one whose utter self-abnegation asks for nothing hereafter, and who is so proudly self-sufficient that he can get along without any God, should depend on a pious enthusiast for the significant motto at the head of his columns. But this is only one of the harmless inconsistencies of people who glorify the "Age of Reason," while they can discover no meaning in the significant facts that, long ago, utterly and forever exploded their soulless theory of annihilation.

Table-turning is presumed to sustain some relation to Spiritualism, and we may be allowed to act as a medium in this phase of manifestation. Here let us observe that *chips* are pieces of ligneous or other substance, separated from a body by the use of some sharp instrument. Hewing is chopping or cutting with an ax, or other implement, so as to make a smooth straight surface. The hewer of wood, who would produce a plane even face to a piece of timber, first makes a chalk line along the log, from end to end : then he *scores* the convex surface, and hews away the superfluous wood until he reaches the line. This is precisely what is meant by hewing to the line. Now is it not absurd for a

man to talk about *hewing* when his real intention is to *discuss some political, ethical, social or scientific question?* And how can a man who insists on having everything as plain as a grocer's sign presume to use chips to represent his ideas?

Well, the Pharisees in the church are not the only people who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." Our hyper-critical brother down East can do that with equal ease. He insists that it is absurd to compare trumpets to voices, and Angels (messengers) to Reformers; at the same time he would have us believe that it is very rational to use a pine, chestnut, or hemlock log as representative of a subject for intellectual treatment; to make chalk-lines stand for principles, and to substitute chips for thoughts and arguments. Our critic says that "a trumpet is a wind instrument of music," and that an angel is an "immaterial being. . . having no lungs;" hence "to say that an Angel can *blow* such an instrument seems. . . absurd." Indeed! But not half so absurd as this attempt to force a strictly literal interpretation of our motto, while we are expected to tax our wits to recognize the highly figurative sense in which he employs his own. Why will our contemporary leave the interpretation of such "ambiguous givings out" to the imagination of his readers? Why not at once make it plain as an ordinary guide-board? It may read—Angels exorcised to order; chopping logic done here; the arguments for Spiritualism reduced to fragments at short notice. This would be intelligible, and perhaps modest enough for all practical purposes.

The progress made in this business—we mean hewing to the line and scattering chips—depends on several facts and conditions. First, on the breadth and edge of one's ax; Second, on the muscular power with which the implement is wielded; and, Third, on the soundness or rottenness of the wood to be chopped. If the ax is narrow and dull, and the blows feeble and slow, the chips will, necessarily, be few and small.

But leaving the hewers to do their work in their own way,

we are profoundly impressed that there is a peculiar propriety in the present application of the motto adopted by our very critical cotemporary. For more than forty years he has been hacking away at the same block, and by this time should be able to show a large pile of chips—such as they are—and an ax, never too broad, but well worn in the service. The chips from that same old block may be had for the gathering, but of what use are they? There is no fire, in heaven or on earth, that will ignite them; and hence they can never be used to warm a single shivering soul. And as for any light that may possibly be derived from such chips, that will naturally depend upon the dim phosphorescence of their decay.

RELIGION, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

VIEWS OF AN EMINENT PHILOSOPHER.

THE private opinions and manners; the peculiar habits and ordinary deportment of distinguished persons, are always matters of interest to the public, chiefly because they afford the clearest views of the individual character. The daily life, when removed from public observation, and the familiar correspondence will be found to contain the most authentic revelation of the essential spirit and the actual life. When ambitious men and proud ladies go abroad, they take care to be well dressed, and they remember that they are on their good behavior. In a greater or less degree the communications intended for the public are qualified and guarded; but our daily conversation with familiars, and epistles to personal friends, are usually free from such restraints, and seldom tempered by the considerations of either policy or ambition.

The personal convictions—on religious and other impor-

tant subjects—of so wise and prudent a man as Benjamin Franklin, are always interesting, especially to the moral philosopher who would comprehend human nature, and analyze the spiritual forces that find expression in the evolution of living ideas, generous deeds, and illustrious characters. In the annexed letter, addressed to Miss E. Hubbard—written at Philadelphia on the twelfth of February, 1756—Dr. Franklin expresses his views of life, death and immortality. They are not only characterized by rare common sense, but the reader will perceive, that they harmonize with the scientific philosophy of Spiritualism.

LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN.

“PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12, 1756.

“DEAR CHILD: I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. Existing here on earth is scarcely to be called life. 'Tis rather an embryo state—a preparation to living, and man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent to us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for their purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. That way is death. We ourselves prudently, in some cases, choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He that plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he that quits the whole body parts with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making him suffer. Our friend and we are invited abroad on a party of pleasure that is to last forever. His chair [sedan chairs were then common] was first ready, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently all start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and we know where to find him?

“Adieu, my dear, good child, and believe that I shall be, in every state, your affectionate papa.

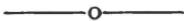
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.”

At a later period in life, when he was interrogated in respect to his religious opinions, he answered with great frankness, in a letter addressed to Ezra Stiles, under date of March

9th, 1790. This letter appeared some time since in the *Boston Journal*, and is there credited to Sparks' *Franklin*, vol. X., page 422. It will be perceived that the philosopher expressed his views with no fear of the church before his eyes, yet with a modesty that might be profitably imitated by the arrogant dogmatizers for and against the divinity of Jesus.

A PHILOSOPHER ON RELIGION.

" You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it." * * * * " Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the Universe. That He governs it by His providence. That He ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. * * * * As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his Religion, *as he left them to us*, the best the world ever saw or is like to see ; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity ; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect so soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed."



THE SPIRITS AT CHITTENDEN.

THE New York *Sun*—whose Editor for years scoffed at the righteous claims of Spiritualism—publishes a long and interesting article from Col. Henry S. Olcott, descriptive of the Eddy family ; their rustic homestead at Chittenden, among the mountains of Vermont ; the startling manifestations, that are of daily occurrence at that place, and in which it is estimated that more than 2,000 Spirits have visibly appeared during the last year. If we may trust the senses and the veracity of the witnesses, the Spirits not only walk before the astonished visitor, but converse orally ; they draw mysterious fabrics from the bare white walls and naked

floors ; they allow mortals to approach so near as to handle their forms, feel and hear the beating of the heart ; and then they disappear, usually within the cabinet ; but, now and then, sinking into the floor, or melting away in the viewless air. We extract the following from Mr. Olcott's statement :

A very estimable old lady of the neighborhood, a Mrs. Cleveland, told me that one evening, some doubt being expressed as to Honto's sex, she beckoned my informant to the platform, opened her own dress, and caused her to place her hand upon the naked bosom, and feel the beating of her heart. Mrs. Cleveland certifies that she is indeed a woman, and in the action of her heart, the inspiration and expiration of her lungs, and temperature of her skin, as substantial and lifelike as any woman she ever laid hand upon. It will also be recollected that Mrs. Florence Marryat Ross-Church was permitted to feel "Katie King's" body in like manner in London, and that her report corroborates Mrs. Cleveland's. At my third séance, the same old lady being present, Honto called her up, and instantly forming one of her shadowy shawls, pulled it apparently from the back of Mrs. Cleveland's neck. She also, it almost seemed as if to answer the doubt in my mind, stood beside that lady, who is of the average height of her sex, and showed that she (Honto) is just about five feet four or five inches high. Before retiring on this occasion, she danced with Mrs. Cleveland as partner. * * * * *

As a further evidence, if any should be required, that William Eddy and the Indian girl are not identical, I again quote Mrs. Cleveland, whose word none who know her will dispute, and who says that once, when on the platform at Honto's bidding, she grasped her by the hand, and chancing to pass the other hand along Honto's arm, she found, to her horror, *that it was only partially materialized*, the hands alone being perfectly solid.

In a subsequent communication, addressed to the *Graphic*, it is alleged that the stature of the spirits, made visible on a single evening, varied from four feet to six feet and three inches. It is also asserted that the materialized form of Honto, the Indian spirit-maiden, was four times deliberately

weighed on scales, her avoirdupois varying from fifty-eight to eighty-eight pounds—the specific gravity depending, of course, on the varying degrees of materialization. It has been suspected—by those wonderful skeptics who are ready to believe almost anything but the truth—that William H. Eddy personated the mysterious maiden, but this notion is now presumed to be refuted by the fact, that William H. Eddy, the medium, weighs one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, a little more than double the maximum weight of the Indian girl.

Colonel Olcott is a well-known, intelligent and reliable observer, who is accustomed to investigate with both eyes and ears open. His unequivocal testimony has given the skeptics the blind staggers, and reduced our little positive philosophers to a very negative state. Neither the bewildered mystagogues of the old temple, nor the groveling sandpipers of popular materialism are likely to impeach the witness by any show of reason or evidence. Of course those bleareyed philosophers will call him either a fool or a lunatic ; and the old-fashioned saints, with whom

“Ignorance is the mother of devotion,”

will damn him for having sold himself to Satan—all because he dares to believe his senses and tell the truth about Spiritualism ! Well, the truth is out, and the facts, so far as they are real, will remain ; but as for the unhappy saints and those poor sandpipers—*damnant quod non intelligunt*.

At length the secular press has discovered that Spiritualism is a popular topic—that the people really want information on the subject ; and so having come to sneer, they “stop to pray”—but *chiefly for the money to be made by the publication of the facts*. The *Sun* devotes many columns to the subject ; and the *Graphic* has whole pages illustrated—portraits and homes of the mediums, séances in Honto’s cave ; Santum’s grave, under the shadow of a giant maple, and the Indian spirits walking by moonlight on the rocks.

Even *The Day's Doings*, in spite of its earthly and sensual instincts—with copious extracts from Colonel Olcott's letter—recently published an excellent cartoon, representing—with admirable grace and striking effect—Honto, the Indian Spirit-maiden, in the mazes of her mid-air dance. Now that Spiritualism promises to pay, it has suddenly become a pretty good thing. Thus they come—*profanum vulgus*—with unwashed hands ; and can nothing be done to stop this amazing revival ?

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I.

OCTOBER.

THERE is a presence upon the earth, that like a soothing hand laid on the fevered brow, allays the heat and quiets the excited pulse. The horizon in the distance has that smoky and transcendental appearance which inspires meditation and gives birth to "such thoughts as dreams are made of." The distant hills are veiled and have a solemn look, as they lift their proud forms and reveal their grand outlines against the heavens. There is a tender and touching prophecy in the breath of Autumn ; the frail flowers droop and silently close their eyes ; and Nature reveals the glorious mysteries of her subtle chemistry in the ripening fruits and falling leaves. The days are coming when the sylvan arcades will be silent ; the forest trees will lose their leafy honors ; even the kingly oak, in seeming supplication, will stretch out his naked arms toward the cold sky, while the boreal winds chant the solemn requiem of the year.

We are thoughtful as our eyes turn back on the receding Summer—the season that may not come to us again. But let us remember that to all those who keep themselves free from selfishness, and whose souls expand in universal love,

there is an eternal spring and summer time of the heart and life, which may be ours long after the wild flowers bloom above our forgotten graves.

II.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

IN the catacombs of departed nations ! I mused alone in the crypts of saints and martyrs, and sat down in the shadow of the Pyramids to meditate a little while. All around me space was one vast sepulcher. The owl and the bat spread their pinions in the solemn gloom, and the ghosts of unnumbered generations moved about me with noiseless footsteps. Silence reigned over all, and not a star shone through the somber drapery of Night. I was in the midst of the remains of ancient science, art and civilization ; but the relics were broken stones, buried altars and shapeless dust. The winds that swept across the desert covered me with the ashes of dead empires. The scene was impressive and mournful, and there was a brooding and awful solemnity in the associations.

Reverent in feeling and thought, I was lost in meditation when the shades of thirty centuries stood before me. I saw the foolish virgins with the lamps of the Mosaic teachers in their hands, from which the oil was consumed two thousand years ago ; but they still clung to the same old lamps while they stumbled in the darkness. And a radiant Spirit said : "The oil of the lamp is a living inspiration ; your lights should be trimmed and burning ; but your lamps are gone out."

There was silence for a little space, when a deep, majestic Voice—whose weird music and startling emphasis thrilled every nerve—said : "Sleep—Sleep—Sleep ! Let all that was mortal rest forever. But *why seek ye the living among the dead?* Come up out of the ashes of this immeasurable decay. Arise, and go hence ! It is the breathing, moving

world—now quick with vital energy and glowing with living fire—that awaits your presence and demands your service."

III.

GREAT BLESSINGS UNIVERSAL.

THE noblest gifts of Providence are far more equally distributed than many people are accustomed to suppose. All breathe the same vital air; the sun shines for the proud and the lowly; and the rain falls alike on saint and sinner.

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," comes to the king and the beggar. The humblest watcher may gaze at stars of the first magnitude, and Immortality is the common inheritance of man. If we mistake not, it was Jerrold who gave expression to the general idea in the following lines :

"When on the quiet of my lonely hours,
Some softly whispering inspiration steals;
Am I less blest than he whose spirit feels
The deepest moving of the Muse's powers?
Nay. For the sunlight that gilds up the towers
Of princes—in the sheltered lane reveals
The beauty of the primrose, and unseals
Phials of fragrance in the violet's bowers—
For Poesy can glad, illume, sustain,
And dignify the humblest heart she sways;
And though the world the trifles may disdain,
Still dear unto the poet are his lays;
And whoso seeketh shall not seek in vain,
For joys abundant in her pleasant ways."

The chief blessings that crown our life on earth seldom come home to the mind and heart amidst the splendor of worldly circumstances and the pomp of imposing ceremon-

ies. We meet them in the humbler walks and ways of men. The greatest blessings come in silence into the consciousness. It was said of "the kingdom of Heaven" with its imperishable treasures—*It "cometh not with observation."* "The Gates ajar" open *inward*, and we enter through the depths of silent conviction and speechless joy.

IV.

A STARTLING CONCLUSION.

IT is reported of Father Richard, a Catholic priest, who lived, some years ago, in Cass County, Michigan, that he occasionally made some ludicrous mistakes in the use of English, notwithstanding he was an excellent linguist, and otherwise distinguished for his superior scholarship. One day when the Father had selected as his text the words of Jesus—"I am the good Shepherd"—he strongly insisted that what was true of the Savior, in his time, was equally true of every faithful pastor. "I am your Shepherd," said he ; and then proceeding with far more reason than caution—to the conclusion that appeared to be at once logical and inevitable—he added, "*and ye are my mutton!*" It is said that this argument of the good Father caused a peculiar sensation among the lambs of the flock, and that several old sheep—that had been *closely sheared*—looked round to see if the door of the fold was open.

V.

AROMATIC OFFERINGS.

ADELICATE hand has placed these gifts on our table. They please the eye and refine the esthetic sense ; they inspire pure thoughts and recall pleasant memories. These precious odors are incense from the altars of Nature.

We perceive them by a sense that never corrupts the heart. All the other avenues of ordinary sensation become channels through which bad influences may reach the mind. The eye frequently presents scenes and objects that awaken the passions ; the hearing is too often an avenue of impure suggestions, while perverted appetites brutalize the character. Mere feeling may kindle unholy fires. On the contrary, the delicate sense addressed by these sweet perfumes—though not always a minister of pleasure—is, alone, the charmed highway along which the tempter never loiters.

These aromas are spirit-emanations from organic forms and living expressions of beauty, and their influence serves to spiritualize feeling and thought. In every breath of the Morning ; on the wings of zephyrs that fan the Evening ; in the charming airs of Araby and Ceylon ; on the aromatic gales out of the Isles of the Indian Ocean ; and uprising from the fairest creatures of the floral kingdom in every land —we recognize a divine ministry—the constant source of pure emotions and a blameless happiness. We cannot look on blooming meadows and gardens, or walk in flower enameled paths ; we never wander in the woods, where the pale, wild blossoms fringe the hills and the brooks, without pausing to mark and interpret the silent language of the flowers.

We read their bright chromatic speech,
In lines that pencils of the Light have traced,
The heart to cheer, the mind to teach,
By the fair transcript in the soul embraced.

Their grateful odors on the Morning air,
Are sweet as mnrnmurs of the gentle dove,
While offerings precious as the words of prayer,
Are in the incense of the hearts that love.

Authors and Books.

LESTER'S LIFE OF SUMNER.*

CHARLES SUMNER lived and moved in an intellectual and moral atmosphere almost infinitely above the lower strata of our political society. That he was often misunderstood, and even denounced, by vulgar partisans—devoted to personal interests and a time-serving policy—furnishes no occasion for surprise. What can a ground-mole—plowing his way beneath the surface of common earth—be expected to know of the magnitude and splendor of Jupiter? What do our partisan owls and bats care for even one of the grandest of the fixed stars in our political firmament? They see just as well in a cloudy and rayless night, and certainly feel much more at home in such congenial atmosphere.

Against the attacks of such ignorant and graceless assailants, Mr. Sumner required no defense. He stood on an eminence so high that the shafts of his detractors fell short of their mark. And yet so long as he lived he was abused by an unscrupulous and otherwise inferior class of journalists, whose only idea of the independence of the Press is the freedom to misrepresent the purest principles and to defame the noblest characters. This is the very questionable freedom of political and moral depravity. Such men, naturally enough, infer that they may secure a small measure of public attention and gratify a petty ambition by assailing men whose real greatness renders their own insignificance too painfully apparent. They are mere gad-flies, who derive their chief importance from buzzing about the head of some noble lion whose majestic repose they are powerless to disturb.

* "Life and Public Services of CHARLES SUMNER, by C. Edwards Lester, Author of 'Glory and Shame of England.' 'The Napoleon Dynasty,' 'Our First Hundred Years,' etc., New York : United States Publishing Company."

So long as Mr. Sumner was the central figure in the wide arena of our national politics, we were constantly reminded of the departed glory of the Senate. His manly presence ; his knowledge of political history and the science of government ; his acquirements in almost every department of learning, and his dignified deportment, all assisted to recall those days when the genius, scholarship and statesmanship of such men as John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Silas Wright, Thomas H. Benton and John C. Calhoun, contributed to illuminate the legislation of the country, and to render their time illustrious in the history of the Republic. The Massachusetts Senator was the last representative of that illustrious company, and—at least in his sublime rectitude and moral power—he was perhaps without a peer.

It was well known that MR. C. EDWARDS LESTER had enjoyed excellent opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with the life and character of CHARLES SUMNER. This was an important item in the sum of his qualifications for the work he has performed. The public felt assured in advance that the scope of the author's mind, his liberal feeling and high sense of personal responsibility and public justice, eminently qualified him for the judicious and effective treatment of his subject. But it was not expected that in a few days Mr. Lester would be able to extemporize this fair and noble record of a man and a career, made supremely honorable by the singular purity of his life and the unselfishness of great public services. It is only when an author has the opportunity of deliberate choice and classification in the selection and use of materials, and time for long digestion, that we can reasonably expect to meet with such comprehensive views ; skillful handling of facts ; clearness of statement and dispassionate fidelity to truth ; sententious brevity and dramatic expression. Yet in addition to all these remarkable elements of substance and style, Mr. Lester reveals a most delicate perception and appreciation of the finer traits of this eminent historic character.

And here we must confess that Mr. Lester has taken us by surprise. Rapid as was the process of construction, he has produced a work that is not merely for to-day. On the contrary, it will be read and quoted as authority in the future, not only by those who shall reverence the name and honor the memory of CHARLES SUMNER, but

by all who may desire to learn the truth in respect to a most important period in our national history.

The author has certainly performed his work conscientiously and well. His own sympathetic relations to the subject, and the still visible shadow of the public grief at parting with the distinguished statesman, have not been permitted to obscure his judgment. Mr. Lester does not attempt to conceal the fact that he was the warm, admiring friend of the deceased Senator. It is equally manifest, that the grand objects to which Mr. SUMNER devoted his life are very near to the heart of his biographer, who—in his analysis of the character—exhibits a clear discrimination and love of justice, as every one must do who would write for posterity.



BARRETT'S IMMORTELLES. *

THE author was formerly a clergyman and is well known in the Universalist denomination and among Spiritualists. His purpose in the publication of this book, as set forth in the opening address, claims our respect and approbation, while his active sympathy with many progressive ideas finds various expression in its pages. In his Address to the Reader, the Author, in speaking of his work, says:

"It is for all—men, women and children. It breathes, in its moral intelligence, the hope that those who have suffered, and find here a balm for their wounds, may be encouraged, and remember—

‘There is rain in the sweet heavens
To wash us white as snow ;’

and that those who are inexperienced and welcome life as a millenial dawn—as young folks in their innocence oft imagine—may discover here lessons of warning and of aspiration, and early learn that nobility of character accrues from a just and righteous life. The present actors in the drama of human history, are entering a social revolution, pregnant with higher civilizations, paving the way, as with a ‘bleeding sacrifice,’ that shall try all our souls.

“That my souvenir of loving faith in these principles may add speed to the agitation, and blossom the very crown of thorns that the faithful shall wear, is the sincere and devout heart-wish of the author.”

* “*Immortelles of Love* ; by J. O. Barrett, Boston, Colby pu^v Rich. 1874.”

The letter to the reader—of which the above is the material portion—does not even vaguely suggest the contents of the book, in which we have a kaleidoscopic view of many things in accidental relations. The author writes with equal ability in prose and verse. He has furnished us with a singular medley of the elements of his social philosophy, the several phases of love, freedom and religion; novel examples of the poet's license; illustrations of the anarchy of thought and speech, and a rhetoric that is too exuberant to respect the principles of logic and the laws of language. The writer takes unusual liberties with the elements of his vernacular—in the use of obsolete terms; in the coinage of illegitimate words, and otherwise. The style is extremely emotional, exclamatory, gushing and often incoherent as the utterances of school girls under the changing impulses of half-awakened loves. The idea is often obscured by tumid and ambiguous forms of expression. The book contains numerous incongruities, and the author often appears to be at variance with himself. Many passages exhibit strong poetic feeling; but there is more heat than light. We look in vain for the higher elements of poetry. Here and there we discover flashes of Promethean fire; but the fitful light is extinguished by the poet's abnormal efforts to feed the flame.

The author has seized a corner of the mantle of our old familiar, Walter Whitman. That brawny child of Nature appears to have drawn him through the "Leaves of Grass," and he comes out in manner and form as follows :

O tillers of the soil !
O miners of the valleys and mountains !
O sailors on the seas !
O mechanics, inventors, teachers, artists !
O clam-diggers, boot-blackers, hod-carriers !
O railroad builders, river drivers, lumber sawyers !
O house carpenters and chimney sweepers !
O street scavengers and rag pickers !
* * * * Know ye not
That God has come down to see
Where your bloody sweat stains red
The lintels of the capitols?"

Of twenty-six consecutive lines on the author's ninth page, fifteen begin with this interjection!—and there are other similar examples.

Now we will not assert that this constant use of exclamatory words always indicates a poverty of thought ; but if it does not, it certainly betrays immaturity of judgment, and the dominance of superficial passions that are more demonstrative than profound.

The gentle numbers of Longfellow's musical poem seem to have awakened echoes in the author's mind, that claim expression in his verse. We extract the following passage. It will serve to illustrate his style of imitation ; at the same time, it is delicately suggestive of his views concerning the freedom of the affections.

“Once I saw a wife so weary,
Sad and pale, and often sighing ;
But her husband was all vigor,
Roughly strong and coarse in fiber.
Did he live at the expenses
Of her vital forces, think you ?
When she met that noble stranger,
Of large soul and generous feeling,
Who had suffered by oppression,
And had gained a higher freedom,
Loving virtue for the trial ;—
When she met the noble stranger—
I will tell you all the story !—
'Twas not lawful, I remember,
But she did rest in his presence,
Rest her head upon his bosom—
Rest upon that great-souled bosom,
Rest a moment, leaning gently,
Sighing so and weeping strangely !
Can you tell me now the meaning
Of that clinging and that resting,
Of that sighing and that weeping ?

We never succeeded very well in solving conundrums, and so “we give it up.” Why she rested, and sighed, and wept, we may not know ; and it seems to us impertinent to inquire. It is evident that the social question has touched and deeply stirred the springs of the author's feeling and thought. The ideal current flows out with remarkable freedom in this particular direction. The poet's loves are migratory creatures, who seldom touch the polar circle of domestic life ; but they are slippery damsels, who come and go, and peregrinate through all the temperate and torrid zones of the affections.

Somewhere there is always an object of supreme attraction—endowed with the attribute of a changing personality—whose praises the poet celebrates with such intensity, that Solomon may sing no more of his beloved. There is a fever of the brain, and a subsultus action of the author's muse, that need to be subdued by a bath in the cool spring of Castalia. The "Immortelles" do not tap the Heliconian fountain; but out from a mere *penstock* comes the stream that sets through the flood-gate of irrepressible desire like a spring freshet. It appears to us that this stream was not necessary to irrigate the dry places in the spiritual vineyard. It cannot rise above the source; it does not reach the level of our needs in the realm of the ideal; and we have not discovered the *practical* purpose to which it may be applied. For the Park Fountain and for extinguishing fires; and, especially, for all the cooling and *cleansing* processes of our domestic life, we prefer the Croton.

These are not heavenly inspirations, uttered in a state of spiritual entrancement; nor is this the poetry of that high art in which we discern the shadows of the absolute perfection. The Greeks may be all dead and buried; for aught we know Parnassus may be a corn-field; but it does not appear from the evidence that Apollo and the Muses have left the sacred Mount for a home in Glen Beulah! Really, if we had no knowledge of the author, we might imagine him to be some royal Turk intensely happy under the narcotic effects of too much hashish. With passages of real beauty, force and truth, we find others of doubtful import and grotesque design, that seem to have emanated from some womanly nature,

"In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit."

Others are plethoric with melodramatic thunders, and so extravagant, in thought and diction, as to indicate a semi-delirious state of mind, of which the following may serve as a mild example:

" O horrors of these secret leases !
O horrors of this descent of species !
Cities of assignation where all the virtues rot,
Where the fire is not quenched, and the worm dieth not !
Mad with the wrath of jealousy !
Insane for the syphilis of damnation !
Sprinkled red on the pillars of legislation !
Mingle therewith the fire-water of intoxication,

And meet with revengeful satisfaction
What money will buy to save from starvation!"

We would not be unnecessarily severe in our judgment ; but this is not the nectar of the gods. It does not sparkle in the goblet and exhilarate the soul. It is not like the pure, amber-hued wine of the Poets ; but it rather resembles the small beer, that to-day is lively and forces the cork ; that soon spends its force in effervescence, and to-morrow is insipid and lifeless.

BABBITT'S HEALTH GUIDE.*

IN this little manual of 164 closely printed pages we have the author's brief statement of facts, observations and conclusions, on a great variety of topics, all more or less intimately connected with the science of Life and Health, the philosophy of Disease, and the natural methods of Treatment and Cure.

DR. BABBITT has been a conscientious student in those sciences that relate to Human Nature. If he has not already solved the recondite problems which have perplexed the brains of our greatest psycho-physiologists he at least approaches them in a brave and temperate spirit. His judgment has neither been warped by prejudice, by the force of arbitrary matters, nor otherwise obscured by professional pride. He has not been enfeebled in mind and body by too much of that species of learning which converts the cerebral chambers of the mind into a junk-shop or a lumber-yard. On the contrary, the author's *faculties* appear to have been *educated and developed*, and this is something vastly better than the "much learning" which so often makes men either mad, melancholy or dyspeptic.

Dr. Babbitt adopts the hypothesis of the "Great Harmonia" on the relative temperatures of Electricity and Magnetism, presuming the former to be cold, and the latter warm. This assumption, together with the arguments and inferences it suggests, might be sub-

* "The Health Guide, by E. D. Babbitt, D. M., Aiming at a Higher Science of Life and the Life-forces," etc., etc. New York: 1874.

jected to the ordeal of scientific criticism, if we had the space, and were in the mood. But this is foreign to our present purpose.

Some of the writer's conclusions appear to rest on a hasty interpretation of facts and insufficient evidence, and may be materially modified by further investigation. But if the reader should be unable to obtain from Dr. Babbitt's Guide a complete and strictly logical thesis, he may at least find much valuable information nowhere else to be found in so small a compass. The reader should first make the acquaintance of the Guide, and then he can decide understandingly how far it is best to follow.

Since writing the above we have received Dr. Babbitt's treatise on "Vital Magnetism, the Life Fountain," in which he defines his magnetic theory of the Laws of Life, Health, Disease and Cure. In this connection we have also a summary but able review of Dr. Brown-Séquard's "Lectures on Nerve Force." That distinguished gentleman—who tortured the late Charles Sumner after the most approved professional methods—throws but little light on the forces and functions of the nervous system. By ascribing all cures—not dependent on the ordinary remedial agents embraced in the pharmacopœia—to the power of *imagination*, he offers no rational explanation of anything. If a cure is effected by magnetic manipulations, or otherwise by the subtle agents not yet recognized by the schools, the doctors affirm that either the disease or the cure was imaginary. It is the object of Dr. Babbitt to expose the poor science and lame logic of Dr. Brown-Séquard; and to see how this is done the reader should, by all means, send the modest sum of twenty-five cents and procure Dr. Babbitt's "Vital Magnetism." The book would be cheap enough at double the author's price.

—○—

PAROXYSMAL POETRY.*

OME one has sent us a copy of this curious illustration of poetry run mad through the basilar region. It does not suggest the divine afflatus, but the hot breath of the simoon. The whole conception had its origin in a species of mania; the imagery and phraseology are voluptuous and sensuous to the last degree. Every line burns and scintillates with intense and unquenchable fire. The

* "Psyche to Mother Earth, by Frances Rose Mackinley."

writer disregards the common proprieties of speech in her learned but lascivious language. The numerous terms derived from the ancient Greek are scarcely intended to veil the lawless passion which, in the Author, causes the nerves to quiver and the blood to boil, while the delirious spirit of unholy desire madly riots in her verse. "Ovid's Art of Love" is quite cool in comparison with this woman's aphrodisiacal paroxysm. Mrs. Mackinley may have genius; she is evidently a person of culture; but she is *sick*, and needs skillful treatment. In the absence of a physician she may possibly find some alleviation in a low diet, cold baths, and a temporary residence in Alaska.

"LIFE AT HOME."^{*}

THIS book, as the title plainly implies, treats of the most sacred of all human relations and duties. In the pure affections that hold the members of the household in the bonds of a loving fellowship, we have a theme that involves the gentlest offices, the greatest responsibilities and the most endearing associations of life. That youth is unfortunate, indeed, whose mind recalls no precious memories of early sunshine and the fresh hopes that spring up in the path of childhood. Sad must be the life of that man for whom a pure love has reared no social citadel wherein he may find shelter from the rude passions and selfish strife of the world. And the woman who has never felt the arms and the loves of little children, like the tendrils of clinging vines, twining about her bosom and embracing every fiber of her heart, may have a painful sense of incompleteness and unrest in the silence of unwelcome solitude.

Naturally enough the author of this book has chiefly in view the religious ideas and aspects of his subject. These are very clearly conceived, and expressed in chaste and often eloquent language. The essential purpose and prevailing spirit of the work are deeply religious in a good sense; at the same time its lessons of practical instruction are eminently free from any tendency to the unreasoning dogmatism that disfigures a large portion of the literature of the church. If this book were at all suited to the vitiated tastes of those reckless men and women who revel amid the ruins of character, and above the graves of all that is sacred in our domestic life, it would receive no word of approval at our hands. Those sensual iconoclasts who make haste to defile the temple of the affections; who remorselessly demolish the objects of faith and worship, and with ruthless hands break the images of all sacred things, will not care to read this book. They will hear the voice of an accusing angel in its gentlest accents, and feel the scourge in the author's mildest reproofs.

We could easily find objections to this book. In all such creations of the human mind we discover a blending of truth and error. The predominance of one or the

* *Or the Family and its members* by William Aikman, D.D. New York : Samuel R. Wells. Publisher, 389 Broadway.

other of these elements determines the character of a book, and the measure of the author's influence for good or evil. In the present instance, the writer's reverence may not always be directed by a clear and fearless discrimination. He may perhaps attach undue authority and importance to the letter of some ancient scripture, and exaggerate the efficacy of religious ceremonies as means of moral improvement. But the book is full of sweet sentiments and wise counsels, clothed in a simple and attractive style, and expressed with becoming dignity and modesty. While its pure spirit must check irreverence and restrain the baser passions, it will furnish strong incentives to true nobility of nature and purity of life.

FOREIGN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE September number of the *Revue de Paris* has an article from which we extract the following :

"Since the month of January, 1874, the Press has felt the necessity of again cutting off the constantly renewed head of that hydra, *Spiritism*. The execution has taken place and the doctrine is none the worse ; its pulse being very regular and its movement even more active ; it votes its thanks to its executioners, who have killed it for the eighteen hundred and seventy fourth-time."

A very interesting communication, suggesting important scientific inquiries, is given. We translate literally :

Metallic dust falling imperceptibly and continually from the heavens.

The result of an interesting communication from M. Daubrée of the Institute to the Academy of Sciences is that M. Nordenskiöld has analyzed the metallic substance which he found in the dust gathered on the ice and snow at 80 degrees of latitude ; he has verified in it the presence of iron, nickel and cobalt. He has likewise examined some hail, fallen at Stockholm last autumn, and found in it small black grains which, triturated between two small agate mortars, gave particles of metallic iron. He is convinced that the hail was condensed around minute grains of a *cosmic origin* floating in the air. Various and repeated observations led him to consider as proven the existence of a cosmic dust falling continually and imperceptibly, a fact, he says, of immense importance not only as regards the physique of the globe, but for geology and practical questions, agriculture, for instance, by reason of phosphorus. The hydrate of iron, found in the

hail-stones treated by various chemical processes, gave the reaction of phosphorus.

M. G. Tissandier is also determining the proportion of solid corpuscles contained in a given volume of air and searching out the composition of aerial dust. In his experiments, which he has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, he concludes that the proportion of solid matter in suspension in the air, falling in a state of sediment, is sufficient to play quite an important part in the physique of the terrestrial globe.

The results he has obtained show, he says, that the aerial dusts are formed of nearly one-third of very combustible organic substances, and two-thirds mineral matter. He speaks of the presence of iron in a notable proportion, and attributes it to a cosmic origin.

The existence of these dusts appears to be proven, and, it is supposed, will help to explain the existence of the matter condensed by spirits for tangible forms, lights, etc., etc.

Yet, the purely cosmic origin of these dusts is not demonstrated, nor is it easy to demonstrate; it may very well be, it is thought, a sublimation of the organic and mineral bodies of our globe, by the chemical action of light—its chemical rays being, as one may say, a discovery of such recent date.

A letter from Prince Emile de Wittgenstein I would gladly translate, but that space is wanting for it, on the subject of Katie King and reincarnation. It seems that the Prince considers their mutual attraction as due to a former knowledge of each other when they were both incarnated at the same time in Turkey, many centuries ago, having received this information from his Spirit protectors.

The working of some very interesting Spirit laws is indicated by, or may be deduced from conversations from unhappy Spirits, through the circles for their relief in France. Speaking of one who had led a life of expedients, without regular employment, who had (as all such persons must) been in the habit of lying and using all kinds of subterfuges to obtain loans of money, dinners, etc.—the spirit-guide tells them that he suffers in the Spirit World, not only through the lying spirits he had called to him, but that he had so falsified his spirit that he could not discern truth; had so filled his fluids with error as to obliterate his faculties; he has confusion of ideas—uncertainty—nothing appearing to him under its real aspect. E. A. W.

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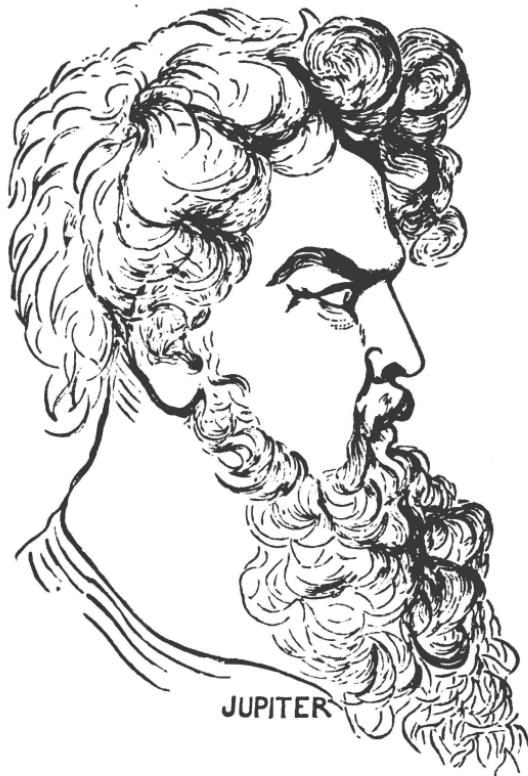
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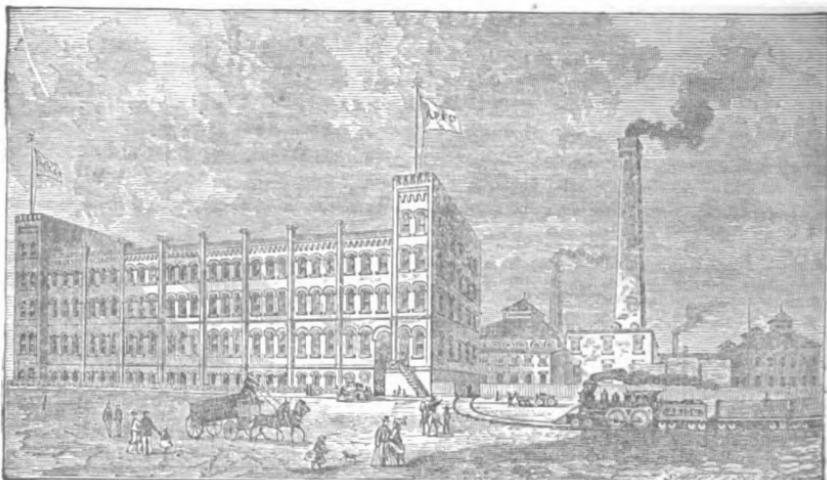
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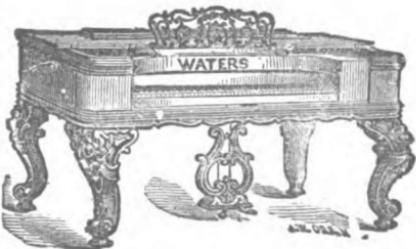
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